

The Australian

Over 600,000 Copies Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

DECEMBER 15, 1945

PRICE

3d

PRINCE WILLIAM
— a snapshot



BOTANIST



THINKER



MAN OF AFFAIRS



OUTDOOR BOY



Australia's No. 1 Pin-up Boy

His Royal Highness Prince William will be four on Tuesday of next week. When he arrived in Australia nearly a year ago, The Australian Women's Weekly called him "William the Conqueror."

The title proved an apt one. On that day, and ever since, he has stolen the show wherever he has gone. Lately someone dubbed him "The travelling salesman of Great Britain."

HE has broken the ice at many official functions, for stiff formality vanishes when a small boy enlivens the proceedings.

Recently at a Girl Guides' Rally at Melbourne Government House he sat patiently for 20 minutes beside his mother, who gave the Guide salute to the parade.

Then he began to gather sand and gravel from the drive and make mud-pies on the dais.

The incident typified the charm of the Prince, which lies in the fact that he is a normal small boy, who has a limit to his patience with grown-up formality.

Mothers all over Australia are inclined to raise their children these days to assure them that Prince William wouldn't go that, or pretend to be a crown or something equally impossible.

But the truth is that Prince William's parents call him a normal small boy. He can be difficult to get on with, but he is not different in opinion with Nanny about the right time for bed and the necessity of taking a bath.

Some people think that Royal children must be lonely, but Prince William isn't.

For one thing, he is a naturally good mixer. He makes friends easily with adults or children.

His small brother, Prince Richard, is a constant source of interest to him, and he is great friends with seven-year-old Davina, Baroness Darcy de Knayth, daughter of Lady Clive.

Davina keeps a motherly eye on him, and the two are like brother and sister.

Another frequent playmate is the small son of one of the Duke's chauffeurs, who, with wife and family, came to Australia with the Royal couple. The boys are about the same age.

Young friends from Canberra are sometimes invited to tea, and to play in the gardens on a fine, sunny day.

By himself he can be absorbed for hours in building projects in his garden sandpit.

Another "working game" that he likes to play is with his barrow, shown in the pictures at right. He loads it with whatever he can find in the gardens at Yarralumla, and pushes it round happily.

OUR COVER

PRINCE WILLIAM paused for a moment to rest on a bench in the grounds of Yarralumla, Canberra, and our photographer snapped him. The sun was in his eyes, so he didn't have his usual bright smile.

He had just been to his first wedding, where he was page boy to Viscountess Clive when she married Brigadier Derek Schreiber. He was still carrying one of the decorations from the wedding cake.

The "cherry-picker" trousers are of the same cloth as the uniform of the 11th Hussars, Brigadier Schreiber's regiment.



SPORTSMAN

Because of his illness, Prince William was not taken on some of the tours of different cities.

Born on December 18, 1941, Prince William is fourth in line of succession to the English Throne.

The Heiress-Presumptive is Princess Elizabeth. Next in line of succession are Princess Margaret Rose, the Duke of Gloucester, and then Prince William.

In the ordinary course of events, Prince William becomes Duke of Gloucester on the death of his father.

But at the present time Prince William is not worried about his Royal responsibilities.

He has much greater worries such as marshalling his toys in correct order, and preventing his sand-castle from collapsing when a tunnel is bored through.

CHERUB. A study by A. K. Lawrence, R.A.



PROBLEM: Where to now?



SOLUTION: Gather more pine cones.



Step lively... Step lovely

Subtly fashioned for women who walk a lot, live a lot, play a lot...

Paragon shoes are a big step forward in shoe smartness. Comfort wedges style in Paragon shoes, and—though we say it ourselves—they give you ages of wear. Available in fractional fittings AAAA-EE on American lasts.

Paragon
THE SHOE BEAUTIFUL



On one occasion a beauty expert arrived at Government House for the Duchess.

Shown upstairs to the Duchess' rooms she was met by "such a nice little woman," who asked what she would need for her work.

Thinking it was one of the ladies-in-waiting, the girl reeled off a list of requirements, and the "nice little woman" went hurrying off to get them.

Wanted to watch

TAKING the articles, the beauty expert suddenly realised that her helper was the Duchess herself.

Prince William chose that moment to put in an appearance.

Nanny came to collect him so that he would not be in the way, but the beauty expert pleaded, "Please let him stay. Just think, it will probably be the only time I'll ever have a Prince watch me work."

He usually has his meals in the nursery with Nanny, who teaches him educational games along kindergarten lines.

When he is older he will probably attend an English Public School. His father was educated at Eton.

The Duke and Duchess always pop in to see him in the nursery before bedtime.

The Duchess tries to spend at least an hour with him, despite her many official engagements.

At these times he likes to sit quietly while his mother reads to him.

When Prince William was ill, early in the year, and the Duke and Duchess were making an official tour, members of the Royal party praised the "little Duchess" for her fortitude.

Heart sick and worried about her little boy, receiving hourly reports of his progress, she bravely carried out strenuous official programmes.

As soon as it was possible she flew back to his bedside.

IN THE TRADITION OF PARIS

LINGERIE

by **Griffinette**

FASHIONS

You'll find yourself breathless with the beauty of line and the satin smoothness of Trouseau Lingerie by Griffinette Fashions.

Tailored in fractional sizes, with infinite care and the highest regard for the beautiful material.

★ SCANTIES
Illustrated is a creation in white satin... beautifully tailored... a joy to wear.

★ SLIPS
In silk and satin that mould your figure in slim sculptured lines.

★ NIGHTGOWNS
Discreetly daring... exquisitely feminine... symphonies in satin and georgette.

EXCLUSIVE TO QUALITY STORES AND SALONS



• Happy study of Brigadier Derek Schreiber and his bride, the lovely Viscountess Clive, snapped in the grounds of Government House, Canberra, by our color photographer. Brigadier Schreiber is Chief of Staff to the Duke of Gloucester, and the Viscountess is the First Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess. Their wedding at St. John's Church, Canberra, at the end of October, excited wide interest.

The Australian Women's Weekly
December 15, 1945 — Page 2.

It's All Done With Credit

By . . . EVERETT
RHODES CASTLE

Colossal bluff and a damsel in distress made a hectic evening

THE special war bond night was in full swing at the Hotel Brooke. Seated at a favored table, Colonel Humphrey Plack's brick-red face glistened with patriotic fervor, or something, and his watery blue eyes twinkled approvingly as they surveyed the red, white, and blue balloons which provided the proper decorative motif.

"Gala, my dear chap!" he murmured benevolently. "Gala and—hah—distinctly in the spirit of the times, eh?" He lifted his second Martini.

The younger man across the small table did not share his appreciation. A slightly sour smile did nothing in a spiritual sense for his lean face. "Speaking of gala notes," he said bitterly, "I just saw one in our hotel box."

"I noticed it myself," the old gentleman across the table admitted cheerfully. His deep rumble sharpened slightly. "I hope you did not make the mistake of—hum, picking it up? As long as it remains in our mail-box the presumption can be maintained that we are unaware of its existence. I am still a plump, rich old gentleman with a home in Tuxedo and another in Palm Beach. You are my slightly sturdier but highly efficient secretary."

"But the moment one of us takes that envelope out of the box we—hah—set up an inexorable chain of—hum, economic events. We disturb one of the most delicate and at the same time one of the most powerful forces controlled by man. Credit! Ha. Exactly."

"We get through life the can for defending at—hum, Mr. Arthur Garvey asked a certain amount of glowing attention from putting it as crudely as he could. For two years he had been associated with the colonel in the amiable business of living like a prince of privilege on nothing a year. In his more expansive moments the colonel called it living by your wits. In moments of crisis, such as the present, Mr. Garvey called it living on your nerves."

"We owe this place a lot of money," he continued bitterly. "Mostly for cigars, imported brandy, and corner suites that left your non-existent station in life."

"Which provide the vital background of credit so vitally necessary to all economic existence," the old gentleman corrected him blandly. "Without credit, business would wither and perish. Our war effort would cease. Ha. Exactly. Economic chaos." He stroked his sweeping white moustache. "I'm sorry your fear of ulcers prevents you from enjoying your share of the—hah—background, my dear chap. Ha. Exactly."

Mr. Garvey met the sly glint of the colonel's moist orbs bluntly. "How do you go about getting this credit manna? I've got about four dollars in my pocket. What's your financial situation, pally?"

"In the—hum, neighborhood of ten dollars, my dear boy. Ha. Exactly. And don't call me pally. I know you only employ it as a counter-irritant, but—"

"And I suppose, when they start to sell War Bonds round here to-night, you'll head the list." Mr. Garvey went on, unheeding of the colonel's placid protest. "What I mean is, pally, wouldn't that be a good way to put a shot of concrete into our credit system? The manager is going to conduct the sale. Can you imagine a better way to make him feel that Colonel Humphrey Plack's credit is above reproach?"

Mr. Garvey had a lot more to say in the same sarcastic vein, but the head waiter had noticed the colonel's empty glass. He was on them instantly. The colonel beamed. "How

thoughtful, Gustave. Ha. Exactly. And then dinner. I shall leave it to you and the chef."

When the man had departed the colonel eyed his younger associate thoughtfully. "Buying bonds, my dear boy. Ha. Distinctly an idea."

"You wouldn't dare—"

The colonel's big head hesitated, then twitched regretfully. "No, I suppose not. Still—"

"No, I'm afraid not."

Mr. Garvey felt the small hairs on his neck subside in relief. The waiter brought their drinks. The orchestra began to play.

It was then that the colonel noticed the girl in the green dress seated alone at a little table by one of the windows.

"Her name is Collingwood," Garvey told him shortly.



"You know her?"

"She's been a guest here at the hotel for three or four weeks."

"Unapproachable?"

Mr. Garvey finished. "I never even tried to become acquainted," he protested vehemently. "I merely heard her name mentioned round. There's been a lot of talk."

"Talk?"

"She's been playing roulette over at Manny Glick's," Garvey explained sullenly. He was tired and famished and worried. "According to the lobby brigade, she's been losing heavily."

The colonel tugged reflectively at his starboard moustache. "I seem to have heard that Mr. Glick's wheels are wired."

"So what? He has the local law in his vest pocket. Plus a collection of the toughest cookies this side of Chicago."

The colonel shook his head sadly. "She looks like a beautiful young thoroughbred filly, doesn't she? Proud and shy and defiant and desperate. I wonder why?"

"At your age they call it senile decay," Mr. Garvey retorted and attacked his food. At that moment the orchestra wheeled out a fanfare and a tubby little man took his place behind the leader.

"Mr. Horace Hoagland," sneered Mr. Garvey.

"I'm sure I don't have to dwell at length upon the worthlessness of the cause to which this evening is dedicated," Mr. Hoagland announced after the fanfare had died away.

"Most of our guests are also acquainted with the way we propose to conduct our little War Bond activity. For the benefit of those who have not read the little folder left in all rooms several days ago I might say that we hope to combine a little wholesome fun with profit for Uncle Sam."

"I told you we ought to have had dinner in our rooms. So everybody buys bonds. So we keep still. So what does that do to our precious credit, pally?" muttered Mr. Garvey.

"I've eaten in this spot every evening for over a week," the colonel pointed out. He spoke with the



"You're gambling," said the colonel, "probably beyond your means."

good-natured patience of a fond parent addressing a backward child.

"To have hidden out in my room would have—hum, branded me not only a coward but as a—hum—aged Claude Highpocket. Tightwad. Ha. Indubitably. Things get round in a residential hotel such as this. You pointed that out yourself. As to the credit angle, I have tried to fortify our position by letting it be known, in advance, to—hah—people I feel sure will talk—that all my—hum, financial affairs are in a trust, and are handled exclusively by my New York bank."

"I'll illustrate just how our little sale will be conducted," the manager of the Brooke was saying now. "Just before I stepped to this rostrum one of our esteemed guests, Mr. Walter T. Gunnison, offered to buy a thousand-dollar bond if the orchestra members would exchange instruments and play Melancholy Baby."

In the midst of the applause which followed the manager's announcement, a white-haired lady arose and waved a shred of jade handkerchief. "I'll buy a twenty-five-hundred dollar bond if you will personally serve

our main course at dinner." She smiled triumphantly round the room.

Mr. Hoagland massaged his hands delightedly and beamed. "Now we're getting the idea, folks. Of course, I shall be delighted to serve Mrs. Stanwood. Are there any more offers?"

An antique, grey-faced man pushed back his chair, stood up and announced that on behalf of his company, The Sigenthaler Manufacturing Company, he would undertake to match all purchases made during the evening.

"Provided," Mr. Sigenthaler continued in a grim voice loud enough to be heard over the applause, "the management agrees to install a decent-size lamp bulb in my bedlight."

"Agreed!" Mr. Hoagland cried shrilly, and added brightly, "Now who else—"

"Don't! Wait!" Mr. Garvey implored the colonel, with sudden desperation. But the colonel, strangely silent as the bidding progressed, was

mean at your age—" She stopped there frankly.

The girl had a lot of spirit that was not apparent from a distance. Her green eyes, for instance. Mr. Garvey tried to think of something bright and arresting to say that would indicate that the third party at the table was entirely free of the effluvia of the grave. But before he could come up with a gem the colonel was making his pitch.

"A lot of things impelled my—hum, action, my dear young lady. Ha. Exactly. The color of your hair. Russet, isn't it? Nearly fifty years ago I knew a girl with russet-colored hair."

"The girl said nothing," Ha. As you truly said, I am an old man. Ha. Exactly. Age has certain privileges, however. One of them is frankness, May I?"

The girl's laughter was thin, nervously edged with defiance. "For five thousand dollars? Why not?"

About twenty-four, Mr. Garvey decided. Nice hands. Engaged according to the ring.

"You are in trouble," the colonel went on placidly. "I am, hum, a complete stranger. I probably seem an impertinent, prying old man. Ha. Indubitably. You are gambling. Probably beyond your means. I—"

"Who told you that?" Miss Collingwood's voice was even, but the color crept into her face.

"Gossip," the colonel confessed frankly. "Hotel gossip. You can't—hah, prevent it, you know."

"As you pointed out, my affairs are none of your business," She began to pick up her small white purse.

"Mr. Glick's wheel is crooked," the colonel pointed out without apparently noticing the gesture of impending exit.

"What the colonel means—" Mr. Garvey began. He stopped. The old fraud's hand was on his sleeve. "My dear Garvey. Ha. I just remembered. That Borden matter. That letter should go to-night. Would you mind—"

Mr. Garvey started a rebellious scowl, thought better of it. After all, he was supposed to be a secretary. He pushed back his chair. The colonel beamed.

"Thank you, my dear boy," he murmured.

Mr. Garvey went up to the Plack suite and waited uneasily through a half-dozen cigarettes. Then the telephone rang. It was the colonel.

"I need you, my dear fellow. Are you ready?"

"Ready for what?" Mr. Garvey demanded sulkily.

"For a trip out to Mr. Glick's emporium to recover Miss Collingwood's money, my dear chap. What else?"

"Are you completely mad?"

"Tut, tut, my dear man," the colonel admonished him benignly. "You have been seeing too many—hah, gangster pictures."

"It came with a rush—finally," the colonel confided as the taxi swung off to the narrow winding road which led to Glick's El Dorado Club. "I—hah, felt it would if we were alone. A woman's pride must be handled gently." His cigar glowed in the darkness.

"What's the angle?"

"A victim of one of the tensions of war," the colonel pattered on. "Sarah Collingwood was engaged to a young aviator. He was due back on leave a few weeks ago. They planned to marry on his arrival. Sarah packed up all her—hum, pretties and her money—it seems an aunt had left her a few thousand dollars—and came to meet her hero. On her arrival she received a cable that her man's leave had been cancelled. Ha. Exactly. In one moment, so to speak, all her rosette-drenched plaques were—hum, scattered to the four winds. Bitterness seized her. She sought escape. Balance departed as it so often does in the—hah, young."

"Now she's broke."

"Nearly."

"And you're going to make Manny Glick return her cash?"

"As I said."

Please turn to page 10

WAIT FOR ME, MARY

By ELIZABETH PAGAN

THE trouble with Mary, so her friends said, was that she had let herself grow so cynical. It was too bad, really, because Mary was so attractive.

Saldee Bristow and the rest of the young married crowd had done their best for her, but what could you do for a woman who said men were quaint and all that, but she had a Great Dane to look after and really couldn't spare the time for a man.

Men found Mary attractive. No matter how devotedly they went through their tricks, however, Mary just went on designing crazy little hats (and making wicked profits, incidentally) and saying "No, thanks," the way one would refuse a second helping of jelly.

That was the way matters stood on the afternoon of Saldee Bristow's tea-party for the Orphanage. All her tea-parties were in aid of something. Saldee was a very charitable soul and, like a good many charitable souls, she was a managing little body who looked on Mary as a personal responsibility. Being happily married herself, she could afford to be generous about the eligible young men who came her way, and in her fashion she was genuinely concerned about Mary and the lonely life she led.

"Oh, I wouldn't call it lonely," Saldee, objected Biddy Graham, when Saldee for the umpteenth time began a lamentation for Mary's solitary way of life. "After all, Mary has a lot of friends, and hardly lives a hermit's life."

"She has women friends—but how many men? Precisely none. And why? Because she's disillusioned and just won't see that all men aren't alike. Mary is 27. At this rate she'll grow old and lonely and bitter, when she should be married with a family."

"And what can we do? I've done my best," Biddy sighed. "But you know Mary; comes when you ask her to and looks over the latest offering, only to go away again as disinterested as ever, once having done her duty by us."

The others all looked sympathetic. They'd all tried their best for Mary, too.

"But something," said Saldee, looking firm, "must be done. It's very sad to see Mary wasting her life away. Of course, it was very tragic Rod getting killed, but . . ."

"But . . ." murmured Christie. "Oh well," Saldee went on quietly, "Everyone knows what a philanthropist Rod Saxon was, and how wonderfully Mary put up with his peccadilloes. If he'd stayed alive, Mary could have divorced him. Instead, he had to get killed in a blaze of glory and leave Mary the widow of a hero—instead of dying a nice, insignificant death like he should."

"Forgive me, dear," Christie murmured, "but really, I can't see what difference it makes whether he died a hero or a cad. If anything, I should think the blaze of glory might be a sort of redemption."

"That's just it—everyone did!" Saldee was flushed and indignant. "Mary had to be consoled and listen to a lot of flap-doodle about Rod's heroic character when all the time she knew he was worthless."

"Oh come, Saldee!" Biddy interjected. "Mary never said that."

"Of course she didn't. Mary's a fine person. But we all knew. And it made her bitter. Ever since, she treats men like so much arsenic. Would she have done that, if Rod hadn't been a cad?"

"Well, dear, how do you propose to restore Mary's faith?" Christie looked sceptical.

Saldee looked so mysterious that Bloddy pounced. "Come on, Saldee! Give. Who's the new man?"

"Well . . . Jimmy has a new client, Henry Livingston. Thirty, single, and in the money. He's working on him now, on a business deal, and I'm to throw a house-party at the lake next week-end. Incidentally, you're all invited. So is Mary."

"Henry Livingston sounds a bit bleak," murmured Christie reflectively.

Saldee looked triumphant. "Ah, but he isn't! He's charming. Tall, dark, and handsome, going grey at the temples—quite the distinguished type. You'll see!"

They saw. So did Mary. She arrived at the Lodge during the afternoon and found Henry Livingston in full swing. All the young matrons were grouped about him, gratified at the eligible bachelor's flirtatious attentions.

She stood on the steps and regarded them humorously, waiting for someone to realise her presence. It was Henry who saw her first. He was enchanted at sight.

"Did you rise up out of the lake, nymph-maiden?" he asked, bowing gracefully.

Mary suppressed a wince, uttered a silent profanity, and gave him a weak smile of acknowledgment.

"Darling!" shrieked Saldee. "Oh, I thought you were never coming! That wretched shop, I wish you'd forget it once in a while . . . I want you to meet Henry Livingston . . . Henry, this is my angel—Mary. I know you two will adore each other."

Mary, you must be tired . . . that ghastly launch . . . did you get wet? No? Let me take you in, darling, you'll want to change into something comfortable . . . and glamorous, pet," she added in an undertone as she drew Mary through the door.

"Why?" asked Mary, tersely, though she knew full well.

"Now, Mary, don't be difficult," wailed Saldee. "I want you to be nice to Henry. He's perfectly devastating and not a bit happy; he told me last night that he's lonely."

"Oh—oh!" Mary sighed. A bachelor who told fluffy young matrons he was lonely didn't give a repeat performance for widows or spinsters.

"Where's the men?" she asked Saldee.

The husbands, it seemed, were all out fishing, but Henry didn't care to fish. Too bad, Mary thought, selecting a pair of slacks from her case and abstractedly acknowledging Saldee's fluttering apologies for leaving her to flitter back to Henry's side. She changed slowly, reluctant to rejoin the party, for she knew that however charmed with Livingston the other women were, they would immediately cede her the right to number one priority and sit back to watch the effect of this latest scheme to de-frost Mary.

She gave herself a last-minute once-over in the mirror. Saldee was yoo-hooing anxiously from the foot of the stairs, and Mary answered that she'd be there in a minute. She walked to the window to look out over the lake.

It was a lovely, remote spot, and Jim Bristow had chosen a perfect site for his week-end place. Mary's eyes rested on the glazed surface of the lake, turning grey now in the late afternoon light. She felt an impulse to slip away and walk alone through the silent trees, but she knew it would worry Saldee, and, bless her, she really meant well, although her match-making endeavors were becoming a little tiresome. Mary sighed and walked slowly down the stairs, looking rather like a school-girl hidden to meet unloved relatives.

Henry came to meet her reverently, and Mary tried to respond. It



"Don't run away and leave me," Henry said, gazing at Mary pathetically.

was awful, and it grew steadily more awful as hours went by. When the other men came back, Mary hopefully turned her attention first to one husband and then to the others, but all had been carefully drilled by their plotting wives. Mary found herself thrust willy-nilly to Henry's side, where she had to stay or be ungracious.

She was hungry at dinner, but found her fish growing greasily cold while she politely attended to Henry's bantering conversation. Later in the evening, as they all relaxed on the verandah, Henry drew Mary away from the others to lean over the rail and murmur soft-voiced compliments and jocularities merged into soulful reflections.

WHAT a bore he was—and how utterly obvious! She had a feeling that all he said was a time-worn routine, and Saldee's romantic hopes, even had Mary shared them, were so many rubber knives against the shield of Henry's bachelorhood.

She was just stifling her fifth yawn when the chug-chug of the motor-launch sounded through the night stillness and she heard Saldee's voice from the other end of the verandah exclaim, "Now who on earth . . .?"

A deep masculine voice spoke to the old man who had piloted the launch, and from the shadows a tall figure strode up the flagstone steps to the house. "Hello, there!" it called, and Saldee squealed. "It's Steve!" Jim's voice rose above the excited exclamations, and Mary heard him say, "Steve, old man! Where did you spring from?"

Vaguely she began to recall that Jim had a brother, a rather ne'er-do-well brother who had roved round a lot and never would settle down. A sort of lovable black sheep of whom Jim adoringly disapproved.

With Henry, Mary moved to meet the newcomer, and found herself approving the smiling glance he gave her and the brief "How d'you do, Mrs. Saxon?"

Saldee was transparently torn between dismay at having her party disorganised and delight at seeing Steve again. She fluttered like a distracted moth about the company. Mary looked Steve over, and decided that for a ne'er-do-well he was remarkably well turned out. She liked the keen grey eyes that seemed to grin indulgently at the whole party.

Mary accepted a drink from Henry's ingratiating hand and looked up to find Steve's eyes regarding her curiously. She let a twinkle of understanding answer his silent query as their eyes met. A friendly grin answered her, and then his face was masked again in polite affability as he responded to Saldee's eager questions.

He'd been in Sydney, it seemed, arranging certain details connected with the publication of a book he'd written. No, he was not going away again in a hurry; he thought he'd stay for a while at his own shack on the other side of the lake, but it needed repair, and he'd brought no provisions.

"I hope I'm not inconveniencing you, Saldee. Could you put me up for a night or two?"

Saldee could. A brother-in-law who'd written a book was something to talk about for months to come, and, in any case, she could never resist Steve. She cast an anxious glance at Mary. It would be awful if this upset her plans. Henry was obviously enchanted with Mary, and everything had been going beautifully—except, Saldee sighed to herself, that Mary seemed no more interested than usual.

She noticed that the object of her thoughts was now laughing frankly, as though she enjoyed it, at something Steve had said to her. How perfectly awful if Steve were the one to reawaken Mary! How utterly tragic! For what was Steve but just another Rod Saxon? Irresponsible and flirtatious, never settling down . . . in a panic Saldee gathered up her party and shooed them off to bed.

"We must be up early in the morning," she told them brightly, "and make most of our whole day." In the morning she added silently, I'll have a nice long talk with Mary, and warn her.

But in the morning Mary evaded Saldee subtly, and Henry also. This was not so difficult, for Henry, it seemed, did not play tennis. Mary ignored all insinuations that she should relinquish her game in Henry's favor and left Jim to placate his client, who wandered rather forlornly about the sloping banks of the lake while the others played inept but exuberant tennis above him.

Please turn to page 26



THEY'RE SO MELLOW AND SO S-M-O-O-T-H



BLACK AND WHITE CIGARETTES
ARE NOW **GUARANTEED** EVEN
BETTER THAN PRE-WAR

KEEP YOUR BALANCE

By Edward Streeter

"THEY'RE wrong this time!" declared Mrs. O. Caldwell Millent. Mr. Millent glanced toward her, pursed his lips, then, changing his mind, continued to read.

His wife's shoulders dropped lower and lower over the living-room desk. Mr. Millent shifted his position on the sofa uneasily. As a forerunner of smoky weather ahead, he was a human barometer.

"This time," she declared, "the bank is wrong."

Mr. Millent made a chattering noise.

"Don't contradict when you don't know anything about it."

"The bank," he murmured soothingly, "is never wrong."

"All right, I'm not. The bank's not. Who is?"

"I give up. Who is?"

"But we only disagree by seven-and-two-pence."

"Splendid," murmured Mr. Millent, turning a page.

"But that's just the last time I went over it. It comes out different every time. An hour ago we were over twenty pounds apart."

"Sounds as if the bank was beginning to weaken."

"All right. Why don't you find out what's the matter. If you know so much?"

"Because it's my job to make the money, yours to keep track of it."

"Rot. You're not making money now. You're just lying on your back like a crawfish. Now, look." Her voice dropped to a cosy-pals-together level. She crossed the room and laid the cheque-book and a handful of papers on Mr. Millent's stomach.

"This won't take you a minute. All I want to know is where I've made my mistake. See! Everything's down. Just tell me where I'm wrong."

Mr. Millent sat up slowly. "It does seem—" he protested. "What I mean is, why can't you do this in the daytime?"

Mrs. Millent snorted. "In the daytime! In the daytime! I suppose I have nothing to do in the daytime but hack children back and forth, hack laundry, stand waiting round in the butcher's shop. Please, Caldwell, don't be disagreeable. Just tell me what's wrong."

"All right. All right. I'll get the card table out."

"Oh, if you're going at it that way, I give up. I tell you there's no use going all over everything again. The figures are all correct."

"Splendid," Mr. Millent sank back. "Please. If you don't find out what's the matter, I'm going mad."

"You're going mad?" Mr. Millent got up, brought out the card table. He laid it on its back and kicked savagely at its vitals, which was the only way to make its legs snap into place. From a drawer he produced some sheets of yellow paper and half a dozen lead pencils. Mrs. Millent looked on.

Mr. Millent twitched his coat sleeves slightly, and selected a pencil. "There's only one way to produce order out of chaos," he said. "We

must start slowly and calmly from the beginning."

"But I have, I tell you." There was a squeal in Mrs. Millent's voice. "I've been over it slowly and calmly all day, till I think I'll scream."

"Now, now," soothed Mr. Millent, and opened the cheque-book. "Let's see, let's see."

"And for goodness' sake don't say, 'Now, now,' and 'Let's see, let's see.'"

Mr. Millent ignored this. "Good heavens, what a mess! Now, this is May. You're mixed up on April. We must go back to the beginning of April. Did you reconcile the book at the end of March?"

"Did I what?"

"Did you make it agree with the bank?"

"I didn't make it. It did."

"What's the bird's-nest of figures round the first of the month?"

"That's where I reconciled, or whatever you call it."

"It looks a muddle to me. Why do you write figures one on top of the other?"

"If you're going to be critical and make wisecracks, there's no use going further. If you'd only tell me what's wrong at the end of the month. Never mind the beginning."

Mr. Millent's pencil was zig-zagging slowly down a column. It arrived at the bottom and started again at the top.

"Why don't you put your figures underneath one another?"

"They are underneath each other."

"A person would have to have an eye like a corkscrew to keep books like this. What are all these stubs marked 'Voice'?"

Mrs. Millent peered over his shoulder. "Those? Oh, that's where I spilled ink over some cheques."

"But you added all the amounts at the bottom of the page and subtracted them from your balance."

"I know. But I took them out again later on. You'll come to that."

Mr. Millent shook his head like a swimmer coming up for air.

"Who are all these doctors? Who's been sick?"

"Nobody, really. They do seem to pile up, don't they? That eleven guinea to the dentist is for straightening Jean's teeth. We owed him almost twenty-two. I had to send him something."

"What's this bill?"

"That's for Ann's eyes."

"You mean those glasses?"

"Yes. You know she had to have them. He said she couldn't have gone back to school without them."

Mrs. Millent hurried on: "That three guineas—that's just colds and Jean's infected finger and that sort of thing. And another three to the vet—that's for poor little Taffy when he had his distemper so badly."

"But he's been dead six months."

"I know. That's why it didn't seem right not to pay the dog hospital. They didn't kill Taffy. It was the garbage truck. And this bill is the skin man. You know—when Jean had that rash all over her face just before the holiday dances. And—"

"Who's this? There's one I never heard of before."



"I don't seem to remember him myself. How much?"

"Only two guineas. Not enough to bother about. He probably heard about this racket and sent in a bill, so that he wouldn't be the only one left out."

Mr. Millent gripped the arm of his chair. "Look! His voice broke like a choirboy's. 'Look! Clothes. Nearly £19. Who in the name of heaven for?'"

"Oh, dear—I knew this would happen. I knew if you started poking into everything, we'd end with this kind of an evening."

"Poking! Is it poking to find out we're going bankrupt?"

"Darling, do you want your children to go naked?"

"Yes. Absolutely," cried Mr. Millent, enthusiastically.

"Don't be silly. Jean simply had to have a new suit. She had nothing. Literally nothing. And a hat. Even you have a hat. And she's outgrown her shoes. And her coat. Really, you men have no idea about clothes. And you're the first to complain—"

"You bet I am," snapped Mr. Millent.

HE allowed his voice to drop, and tapped the pencil on the table to emphasise his next words. "There's something you don't seem to realise. These are difficult times. We don't know what these children of ours are going to face when they grow up. They are going to be flung into a new world, with a lot of things different. In this way to prepare them?" He showed signs of rising from his chair for the purpose of pacing. Mrs. Millent placed a quick hand on his shoulder and held him down.

"Yes, I know—you've been saying that for ten years, darling. But I don't see how they're going to learn to face these things any better naked. And anyway, it's all done, and won't you tell me what's the matter with the cheque-book so I can fix it and go to bed?"

Mr. Millent sighed. His pencil reeled up and down the swaying columns. "Look here. After you drew these three cheques you added up the amounts all right. Then instead of subtracting the sum from your balance you added it."

"I what? You know I never can understand what you're talking about. You make everything so hard. Where did I what?"

"Listen. When you started this page you had £18/10/- in the bank. See that. Then you drew three

"You men have no idea about clothes," Mrs. Millent protested, looking up from the bill.

cheques. They amounted to £4/15/-. You added that instead of subtracting it. When you start your next page you show a balance of £23/5/-."

"So what?"

Mr. Millent threw down his pencil. "So what? Don't you see that—"

"Oh, of course. You mean I should have subtracted instead of adding. Why didn't you say so instead of going through that rigmarole?" She stared at him. "You know, I remember now exactly how that happened. Just as I finished adding those cheques, they telephoned from school that Jean had been hit over the eye with a hockey stick, and then somebody came rushing into the house, and began yapping about my taking tickets to some relief concert. I was so upset that when I went back to the cheque-book I just naturally added instead of subtracting."

"Naturally," agreed Mr. Millent, blowing bits of eraser off the table. He finished correcting the pages and reached hopefully for the statement. His lips moved.

"Darling! I wish you wouldn't use language like that, even when we're alone."

"Here's something: You have a deposit of £8/10/- in the book that doesn't show on the bank statement at all."

"I knew it was the bank! That £8/10/- was deposited—I took it to the bank myself. I can prove it. I entered it in the cheque-book before I left the house and drove straight to the bank with the cheque."

Oh, isn't that awful!"

"What's awful?"

"I just remembered I stopped at the grocer's on my way and I owed them £6/8/-. So I cashed the cheque and paid them—I simply forgot to scratch out that deposit."

"Naturally."

"Don't keep saying 'Naturally.' If you had as many things on your mind—I'd like to see you run this house sometime."

He picked up the cancelled cheques and began to compare them with the book. "Here's one for cash that doesn't show up in the book at all."

"Yes, it does. I carry a few round in my purse to use in town. Then sometimes I forget to enter them in the book. But when the bank sends them back I do."

"Do what?"

"Enter them, of course."

"Where?"

She turned over the pages patiently.

"See?"

"But you've entered them in the middle of next month's cheques."

"Yes, but don't you see, then I take them out again on a separate piece of paper and subtract them from the right place."

"You're impossible."

"If you're going to act that way, I'd rather work it out myself, if it takes all night."

There was a long silence, broken only by uneasy rumblings from Mr. Millent. A half-hour passed.

Beads of perspiration appeared on Mr. Millent's forehead.

Mrs. Millent rose timidly. "I think I'll go to bed," she murmured. "I'm very tired."

No answer.

"Do you think you'll be coming soon, dear?"

"No," he barked. "No. I may never be up. I'm going to find out what's the matter with this thing—if I never sleep again!"

Some time later Mrs. Millent heard him tiptoe into the bedroom. She said nothing. After a while the light was snapped out.

"Did you fix it, dear?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that's fine. I can't tell you how grateful I am. What was the matter?"

Mr. Millent grunted. Being an expert on grunts, Mrs. Millent was warned not to probe further.

"You really are clever, dear. If I only had your brains I could be so much more helpful." Relaxed, she turned over and prepared for sleep.

Mr. Millent glanced at her. Her face had the trustful expression of a young child.

He crawled into bed, but did not sleep. By nature he was honest, and unearned praise lay on his soul like a bride's Welsh rabbit. Why hadn't he told her? Why hadn't he been man enough to admit that he had finally changed the figures and forced the cursed thing to agree with the bank?

But a person couldn't work all day and all night, too.

And on the other hand, if she kept her books in an orderly sort of way they wouldn't get into such a mess. So it was basically her fault.

He seized on this thought and held fast to it. At peace, he also settled down to sleep.

(Copyright)



HIS PLUMS WERE GOING, FARMER SHORE TO HAVE THE THING REPORTED



WHEN HANDS REVEALED NO FRUIT STAINS THE FARMER FELT QUITE THWARTED



HOW DID I MISS SUCH TELL-TALE STAINS? WHAT CLEANED AWAY THE GRIME?



THAT SOLVOL TIP WAS WORTH A LOT—MY LADS, COME ANY TIME!



World-famous author of murder mysteries has excelled herself in this brilliant story which we present as our new serial.

By . . .

Agatha Christie



One Year Later

IRIS MARIE was thinking about her sister, Rosemary. For nearly a year she had deliberately tried to put the thought of Rosemary away from her. She hadn't wanted to remember. It was too painful, too horrible. The blue, cyanosed face, the convulsed, clutched fingers, the contrast between that and the gay, lovely Rosemary of the day before.

Well, perhaps not exactly gay. She had had flu. She had been depressed, run down. All that had been brought up at the inquest. Iris herself had laid stress on it. It accounted, didn't it, for Rosemary's suicide?

Once the inquest was over, Iris had deliberately tried to put the whole thing out of her mind.

But now, she realised, she had to remember. She had to think back into the past. To remember carefully every slight, unimportant-seeming incident. That extraordinary interview with George last night necessitated remembrance. It had been so unexpected, so frightening. Wait. Had it been unexpected? Hadn't there been indications beforehand?

George's growing absorption, his absent-mindedness, his unaccountable actions, his—well, "queerness" was the only word for it. All leading up to that moment last night when he had called her into the study and taken the letters from the drawer of the desk.

So now there was no help for it. She had to think about Rosemary, to remember. Rosemary, her sister.

With a shock Iris realised suddenly that it was the first time in her life she had ever thought about Rosemary. Thought about her, that is, objectively, as a person. She always had accepted Rosemary without thinking about her. You didn't think about your mother or your father or your sister or your aunt. They just existed, unquestioned, in those relationships.

What had Rosemary been like? That might be very important now. Glimpses of the past came back, brief flashes, short scenes.

The seaside one summer; Iris envying Rosemary, who was a "big girl" and could swim. Rosemary home from boarding-school for the holidays. Then she herself at school, and Rosemary being "finished" at a fashionable finishing school.

Schoolgirl Rosemary; clumsy, all arms and legs. "Finished" Rosemary coming back home again with a strange new, frightening elegance, soft-voiced, graceful, with a swaying, undulating figure, with red-gold-chestnut hair, and big, black-fringed, dark blue eyes. A disturbing, beautiful creature, grown up, in a different world.

From then on, they had seen very little of each other, the six-year gap between them at its widest. Iris had been still at school, Rosemary in the full swing of a season.

Even when Iris came home, the gap remained. Rosemary's life was one of late mornings in bed, luncheons with other debutantes, dances most evenings of the week.

Then had come Rosemary's engagement to George Barton. Excitement, shopping, streams of parcels, bridesmaids' dresses. The wedding. Walking up the aisle behind Rosemary, hearing whispers: "What a beautiful bride she makes!"

Why had Rosemary married George? Even at the time, Iris had been vaguely surprised. There had been so many exciting young men, ringing Rosemary up, taking her out. Why choose George Barton, fifteen years older than she, kindly, pleasant, but definitely dull? George was well off, but it wasn't money, Rosemary had her own money, a great deal of it. Uncle Paul's money.

Iris searched her mind carefully, seeking to differentiate between

what she knew now and what she had known then. Uncle Paul, for instance?

He wasn't really an uncle, she had always known that. Without ever having been definitely told them, she knew certain facts. Paul Bennett had been in love with their mother. She had preferred another and a poorer man. Paul Bennett had taken his defeat in a romantic spirit. He had remained the family friend, adopted an attitude of romantic, platonic devotion. He had become Uncle Paul, had stood godfather to the first-born child, Rosemary.

When he died, it was found that he had left his entire fortune to his little goddaughter, then a child of thirteen. Rosemary, besides her beauty, had been an heiress. And she had married nice, dull George Barton.

Why? Iris had wondered then. She wondered now. Iris didn't believe that Rosemary had ever been in love with him. But she had seemed very happy with him and she had been fond of him—yes, definitely fond of him. Iris had good opportunities for knowing, for a year after the marriage, their mother, lovely, delicate Viola Marie, had died, and Iris, a girl of seventeen, had gone to live with Rosemary Barton and her husband.

A girl of seventeen. Iris pondered over the picture of herself. What had she been like?

She came to the conclusion that young Iris Marie had been slow of development, unthinking, acquiescing in things as they were. Had she resented, for instance, her mother's earlier absorption in Rosemary? On the whole, she thought not. She had accepted, unhesitatingly, the fact that Rosemary was the important one.

Viola Marie had always been a somewhat remote mother, preoccupied mainly with her own

health, relegating her children to nurses, governesses, schools, but invariably charming to them in those brief moments when she came across them. Hector Marie had died when Iris was five years old. The knowledge that he drank more than was good for him had permeated so subtly that she had not the least idea how it had actually come to her.

Seventeen-year-old Iris Marie had accepted life as it came, had duly mourned for her mother, had worn black clothes, had gone to live with her sister and her sister's husband at their house in Elvaston Square.

Sometimes it had been rather dull in that house. Iris wasn't to come out, officially, until the following year. In the meantime, she took French and German lessons three times a week, and also attended domestic science classes. There were times when she had nothing much to do and nobody to talk to. George was kind, invariably affectionate and brotherly. His attitude had never varied. He was the same now.

WHAT OF Rosemary, meanwhile? Iris had seen very little of her. Rosemary had been out a good deal. Dressmakers, cocktail parties, bridge.

What did she really know about Rosemary, when she came to think of it? Of her tastes, of her hopes, of her fears? She had to think now. She had to remember.

Certainly Rosemary had seemed happy enough. Until that day, a week before it happened.

Iris closed her eyes and let the scene come back. Her own entry into Rosemary's sitting-room, her sudden stop. It had startled her so—what she saw. Rosemary, sitting at the writing table, her head laid down on her outstretched arms. Rosemary weeping with a deep, abandoned sobbing.

Iris had cried out, her voice

childish, startled, "Oh, Rosemary, what is it?"

Rosemary sat up, swept the hair back from her disfigured face. She struggled to regain command of herself. She said quickly, "It's nothing, nothing! Don't stare at me like that!"

She got up and, passing her sister, she ran out of the room.

Puzzled, upset, Iris went farther into the room. Her eyes, drawn wonderingly to the writing table, caught sight of her own name in her sister's handwriting. Had Rosemary been writing to her, then? She drew nearer, looked down on the sheet of blue notepaper, and read:

"Darling Iris: There isn't any point in making a will, because my money goes to you anyway, but I'd like certain of my things to be given to certain people."

"To George, the jewellery he's given me, and the little enamel casket we bought together when we were engaged."

"To Gloria King, my platinum cigarette case."

"To Maizie, my Chinese pottery horse that she's always admired—"

It stopped there, with a frantic scrawl of the pen as Rosemary had dashed it down and given way to uncontrollable weeping.

Iris stood as though turned to stone. What did it mean? Rosemary wasn't going to die, was she? She'd been very ill with influenza, but she was all right now. At least, only weak and run down.

Iris's eyes went over the words again, and this time a phrase stood out with startling effect, "My money goes to you anyway."

It was the first intimation she had of the terms of Paul Bennett's will. She had known since she was a child that Rosemary had inherited Uncle Paul's money, that Rosemary was rich, while she herself was comparatively poor. But until this moment she had never questioned

what would happen to that money on Rosemary's death.

If she had been asked, she would have replied that she supposed it would go to George, as Rosemary's husband, but would have added it seemed absurd to think of Rosemary dying before George. But here it was, set down in black and white in Rosemary's own hand. At Rosemary's death, the money came to her, Iris.

But surely that wasn't legal? A husband or wife got any money, not a sister. Unless, of course, Paul Bennett had left it that way in his will. Yes, that must be it. Uncle Paul had said the money was to go to her if Rosemary died. That did make it rather less unfair. Unfair? She was startled as the word leaped to her thoughts. Had she, then, been thinking that it was unfair for Rosemary to get all Uncle Paul's money?

She supposed that, deep down, she must have been feeling just that. It was unfair. They were sisters, she and Rosemary. They were both her mother's children. Why should Uncle Paul give it all to Rosemary?

Rosemary always had everything. Parties and frocks and young men in love with her, and an adoring husband. The only unpleasant thing that had ever happened to Rosemary was having an attack of flu. And even that hadn't lasted longer than a week.

Iris hesitated, standing by the desk. That sheet of paper—would Rosemary want it left about for the servants to see? After a minute's hesitation, she picked it up, folded it in two and slipped it into one of the drawers of the desk.

It was found there after the fatal birthday party and provided an additional proof, if proof were necessary, that Rosemary had been in a depressed and unhappy state of mind after her illness, and had possibly been thinking of suicide even then.

Depression after influenza. That was the motive brought forward at the inquest, the motive that Iris's evidence helped to establish. An inadequate motive, perhaps, but the



The lights went up. Then they saw Rosemary slumped forward on the table.

only one available, and consequently accepted. It had been a bad type of influenza that year. Neither Iris nor George Barton could have suggested any other motive—then.

Now, thinking back over the incident in the attic, Iris wondered that she could have been so blind. The whole thing must have been going on under her eyes. And she had seen nothing, noticed nothing.

Her mind took a quick leap over the tragedy of the birthday party. No need to think of that. That was over, done with. Put away the horror of that and the inquest, and George's twitching face and blood-shot eyes. Go straight on to the incident of the trunk in the attic.

That had been about six months after Rosemary's death. Iris had continued to live at the house in Elvaston Square. After the funeral the Marle family solicitor, a courtly old gentleman with a shining bald head, and unexpectedly shrewd eyes, had had an interview with Iris. He had explained with admirable clarity that under the will of Paul Bennett, Rosemary had inherited his estate in trust, to pass at her death to any children she might have. If Rosemary died childless, the estate was to go to Iris absolutely.

It was, the solicitor explained, a very large fortune, which would belong to her absolutely upon attaining the age of twenty-one or on her marriage.

In the meantime, the first thing to settle was her place of residence. Mr. George Barton had shown himself anxious for her to continue living

with him, and had suggested that her father's sister, Mrs. Drake, who was in impoverished circumstances, owing to the financial claims of a son—the black sheep of the Marle family—should make her home with them and chaperon Iris in society. Did Iris approve of this plan?

Iris had been quite willing, thankful not to have to make new plans. Aunt Lucilla she remembered as an amiable elderly sheep with little will of her own.

So the matter had been settled. George Barton had been touchingly pleased to have his wife's sister still with him and treated her as affectionately as a younger sister. Mrs. Drake, if not a stimulating companion, was completely subservient to Iris's wishes. The household settled down amicably.

It was nearly six months later that Iris made her discovery in the attic. She had gone up there one day after an unsuccessful hunt for an old red pullover for which she had an affection.

George had begged her not to wear mourning for Rosemary. Rosemary had always been opposed to the idea, he said. This, Iris knew, was true, so she acquiesced and continued to wear ordinary clothes, somewhat to the disapproval of Lucilla Drake, who was old-fashioned and liked what she called "the decencies" to be observed.

Various unwanted clothes, Iris

knew, had been packed away in a trunk upstairs. She started hunting through it for her pullover, coming across, as she did so, various forgotten belongings—a grey coat and skirt, a pile of stockings, her ailing kit, and one or two old bathing-suits.

It was then that she came across an old dressing-gown which had belonged to Rosemary and which had somehow or other escaped being given away with the rest of Rosemary's things. It was a mannish affair of spotted silk with big pockets.

Iris shook it out, noting that it was in perfectly good condition. Then she folded it carefully and returned it to the trunk. As she did so, her hand felt something crackle in one of the pockets. She thrust in her hand and drew out a crumpled-up piece of paper. It was in Rosemary's handwriting and she smoothed it out and read it:

"Leopard darling: You can't mean it. You can't, you can't. We love each other! We belong together! You must know that, just as I know it! We can't just say good-bye and go on coolly with our own lives. You know that's impossible, darling—quite impossible. You and I belong together, for ever and ever. I'm not a conventional woman—I don't mind about what people say. Love matters more to me than anything else.

"We'll go away together and be happy. I'll make you happy. You said to me once that life without me was dust and ashes to you. Do you remember, Leopard, darling? And now you write calmly that all this had better end; that it's only fair to me. Fair to me? But I can't live without you! I'm sorry about George; he's always been sweet to me, but he'll understand. He'll want to give me my freedom.

"It isn't right to live together if you don't love each other any more. We're going to be wonderfully happy, but we must be brave. I shall tell George myself; I want to be quite straight about the whole thing, but not until after my birthday.

"I know I'm doing what's right, Leopard, darling, and I can't live without you—can't, can't. How stupid it is of me to write all this. Two lines would have done. Just

"I love you. I'm never going to let you go." Oh, darling—"

The letter broke off.

Iris stood motionless, staring down at it. How little one knew of one's own sister. So Rosemary had written some man passionate love letters, had planned to go away with him?

What had happened? Rosemary had never sent the letter after all. What letter had she sent? What had been finally decided between Rosemary and this unknown man? Leopard. What extraordinary fancies people had when they were in love. So silly. Leopard indeed!

Who was this man? Did he love Rosemary as much as she loved him? Surely he must have. Rosemary was so unbelievably lovely. And yet, according to Rosemary's letter, he had suggested ending it all. That suggested—what? Caution? He had evidently said that the break was for Rosemary's sake. That it was only fair to her. Yes, but didn't men say that sort of thing to save their faces? Didn't it really mean that the man, whoever he was, was tired of it all?

Perhaps it had been to him a mere passing distraction. Perhaps he had never really cared. Somehow Iris got the impression that the unknown man had been very determined to break with Rosemary finally. But Rosemary had thought differently. Rosemary wasn't going to count the cost. Rosemary had been determined, too.

Iris shivered. And she, Iris, hadn't known a thing about it, hadn't even guessed. Had taken it for granted that Rosemary was happy and contented, and that she and George were quite satisfied with each other. Blind. She must have been blind. Not to know a thing like that about her own sister. But who was the man? She cast her mind back, thinking—Rosemary. There had been so many men about, admiring Rosemary, kissing her out, ringing her up. There had been no one special. But there must have been. The rest of the bunch were mere camouflage for the one, the only one, that mattered.

Iris frowned perplexedly, turning her remembrances carefully.

Two names stood out. It must—yes, positively it must be one or the other. Stephen Farraday? It must be Stephen Farraday. What could Rosemary have seen in him? A stiff, pompous young man, and not so very young either.

Of course, people did say he was brilliant. A rising politician, an under-secretaryship prophesied in the near future, and all the weight of the influential Kidderminster connection behind him.

A possible future Prime Minister. Was that what had given him glamor in Rosemary's eyes?

Surely she couldn't care so desperately for the man himself—

such a cold, self-contained creature? But they said that his own wife was passionately in love with him, that she had gone against all the wishes of her powerful family in marrying him—a mere nobody with political ambitions. If one woman felt like that about him, another woman might also. Yes, it must be Stephen Farraday.

Please turn to page 28

Fine footwork!

As dashing as its name, this Bedgood Arch-lock Shoe is a blend of smart styling and superb comfort. Non-slip lining, plus the correct balance given by patented Arch-lock supports, makes for blissful cushioned ease. You can choose it in Blue, Brown or White to accompany your Spring & Summer frocks. In Multiple Fittings... priced at 40/-



LIBERTY announces multiple-fitting brassieres

Do you have a narrow back and a well-developed bust or a small bust and a wide back? Either type could need the same size brassiere but an entirely different fitting. Up until now there has been only one type of fitting in each size but now Liberty announce

multiple-fittings in each size. So, from now on, if you ask for Liberty brassieres, you will be shown a number of different fittings in your size range so you will be able to choose the type that is the most figure-flattering and comfortable for you!

ASK FOR LIBERTY MULTIPLE-FITTING BRASSIERES WITH ADJUSTABLE SHOULDER-STRAPS

It's All Done With Credit

Continued from page 4

MR. GARVEY laughed. It wasn't exactly tinkling mirth. "Manny returns the lovely lady's money to you. We pay our hotel bill and exit laughingly. It's a neat trick if it works. Personally, five will get you a hundred—" He stopped.

Even in the darkness of the cab he could feel the waves of indignation emanating from the portly figure beside him. "You think I would—hum, purloin the legacy of a young and beautiful girl who—"

"Then what is the score?" Mr. Garvey was angry. He was also nervous. "If you think I'm going in there and let a lot of tough monkeys push me round without knowing what—"

The cab stopped with a jerk. "Tell the caddy to wait," the colonel commanded him jauntily. "Ha. We shouldn't be long." A man was opening the door of the taxi. The colonel stepped out with a cheery nod. Caught between anger and apprehension, Mr. Garvey momentarily went into a mental tail-spin from which he only emerged minutes later when an unpleasant face, attached to a large pair of lethal-looking hands, opened a green door and stood aside.

He was in a small room. A man sitting at a moderne desk of dull white was inviting them to make themselves comfortable. Through the haze of his fears for the whole silly business, Mr. Garvey managed to stumble to a chair and sit down stiffly. The colonel picked out the largest and most comfortable chair in the room and dropped into it with a careless plop.

"My name is Flack," he announced almost absently. "Colonel Humphrey Flack. This is my secretary, Mr. Garvey."

The man behind the desk acknowledged the introductions with a brief show of white teeth. "The boys tell me you want to see me about a Miss Collingwood who has been playing at the club."

"Exactly," said the colonel. "She has lost about four thousand dollars in your club. Her dowry, really. The young soldier she expected to marry had his leave cancelled. It made everything look very black and far away to the young lady. Quite. She tried to lose her disappointment in the—hum, excitement of your establishment."

"Too bad," the man behind the desk said sympathetically.

"Isn't it?" The colonel leaned forward and his smile broadened. "Why, my dear chap, she didn't even realise that she was losing her patrimony on a—hum, crooked wheel."

Mr. Garvey said nothing. "So if I could have a cheque, my dear man—or—or, on second thought, it might be better to give me the—hum, currency, eh?" Ha. Exactly. We could forget the entire matter, eh? I know you have local protection, but there is always the stern old gentleman with the white whiskers to think about."

Mr. Garvey's right hand moved toward three little buttons in plain view on the corner of the desk.

Somebody made a noise. It combined the dejected hiss of a punctured tyre with the hoarse despair of a stage groan.

"You must pardon my secretary," the colonel chuckled. "Ha. You must indeed. I'm afraid he thinks one of his favorite—hum, gangster movies is about to come to life and amite him." The moist blue eyes winked merrily. "He probably thinks because I have—hah, suggested that I will expose you as a crooked gambler unless you agree to—hum, refund the young lady's patrimony immediately, that you will call in your hired bravo—or what is the modern word?—Ha. Yes. Exactly. Punks. Or is it hood's?"

"You name it," Mr. Garvey begged him politely.

The colonel waved his hand. "I'm afraid Garvey isn't using his head," he confided regretfully. "Would it be bright to—hum, attempt to intimidate, by force, the rather aged brother-in-law of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States?"

Mr. Garvey gasped. "Or put it another way," the colonel continued placidly,

"My legal affairs are in the hands of Swift, Harder, Wilson, and Meade, of New York. You might ask your lawyer about them. Rather important people. Ha. Exactly. My finances are the concern of the Fifth Bank of the United States. Ha. A trust. Both of these—hum, institutions would, I am sure, regard an attack upon a valued client as an assault upon them. That is why—hum, I do not share my secretary's apprehensions."

Mr. Garvey stared at his desk. "Maybe you have an angle," he conceded finally. "On the other hand, I might be listening to a pair of smart grifters."

The colonel did not seem to be disturbed. For a moment his bushy white brows were frankly puzzled. Then his face cleared. "Ha. Oh! I see what you mean. A bluff, eh? A sort of confidence game. We collect this money under—hum, duress, ostensibly for a damsel in distress. Then we appropriate it to our own use. Clever! Ingenious." The white dinner-jacket undulated with amusement. "Try to look more like a clever—er-r—sharper, my dear Garvey."

Glick swivelled his flat eyes to the frigidly rigid Mr. Garvey. He saw an authentic portrait of a badly frightened-looking man. His fingers moved uncertainly away from the buttons. The colonel did not seem to notice the retreat.

"If you think I'm bluffing, call me," he said softly. He levered himself upward from the big chair.

Mr. Garvey leaped up eagerly. "Okay, I'll go along with you," Glick said suddenly.

"I think that's smart," the colonel applauded. "Ha. Very. I do indeed."

"You might be a phony," Mr. Glick went on, unperturbed. "But there's what made me feel sure you were probably levelling." A white finger stabbed the air in the direction of the still sweating Mr. Garvey. "Him! What smart grifter, in his right mind, would have a partner like that?"

As the cab started down the hill, Mr. Garvey said, with a sneer: "Well, I put it over, didn't I?"

The colonel's cigar glowed. "You did indeed, my dear fellow. A—hah, splendid performance."

"It wasn't a performance and you know it!" Mr. Garvey snarled. Into the protest went all the suppressed emotion of the past hour. "You—"

"My dear boy," the colonel protested blandly. "Use your head, eh? If you had known my plan your reactions would have been forced. Ha. Unnatural."

Mr. Garvey clapped his hands. "I can see it all. Now the star of our show steps forward. He returns the money to the lovely heroine. The crowd applauds. Old Man Galahad, complete with hardened arteries and everything, takes a big bow. Garvey sweated blood to make the big act possible. Who cares? We owe a big hotel bill. Forget it! It will be taken care of with credit—or mirrors. Well, that doesn't satisfy me! Not after what I've just gone through."

"But—"

"And don't think," his companion went on unhappily, "that Glick is just writing off his loss and forgetting the matter. He's going to do a little checking up, and when he does—"

Mr. Garvey dropped it there as he might have dropped a deadly snake. But the colonel was blithe. "Check up? Ha. Of course he will, my dear boy. Glick's no fool. He paid with—hah, mental reservations. I allowed for that. Ha. Exactly. He'll make sure the girl receives the money. Indeed, I'm figuring the girl will probably confirm our bona fides by thanking Mr. Glick, personally, for his generosity."

The cab pulled up in front of the Brooke with a jerk. The colonel jauntily handed over his last ten-dollar bill and airily waved away the change. Then he scampered out of the cab and up the wide stone steps. Mr. Garvey followed him grimly.

At the desk the colonel asked for his key and accepted, with a beaming smile, the white envelope which the clerk plucked out of the lower part of the box. He opened it, scanned its content, and nodded sunnily.

"Mr. Hoagland still about?" The clerk thought he was. In his office.

"Working on the totals of the War Bond sale," he added. "It was a great evening!"

"A great evening and a great cause!" the colonel assented heartily. "Splendid!" He made for the manager's office.

Mr. Garvey followed like a trailing shadow.

"Ah, Colonel!" The pudgy manager of the Brooke stood up. "I didn't get a chance to thank you for your splendid contribution to our—"

The colonel's hairy hand stopped him. "Not another word, my dear man. I should thank you for the opportunity. Ha. Exactly. Little enough, eh? But it is about that purchase that I stopped. I want you to do me a little favor."

A slight chill crept into the room. Mr. Garvey, in the rear, caught it instantly. So did the colonel. He laughed heartily. "No, no, my dear chap. I don't want to reduce my commitment. No. No. It's about Miss Collingwood."

"Miss Collingwood?"

The colonel coughed into his broad palm. "You know the story, eh? Ha. I mean about her—ahem, gambling losses? I see by your expression that you do. Exactly. Well, the point is that, over coffee with me, she confided the reasons for her—hum, actions. War tensions, you know. Expected to meet her soldier man here and get married. Chap's leave cancelled. Girl went sort of off the deep end, eh? That sort of thing."

The little manager nodded uncertainly.

The colonel produced his wallet and cascaded currency on the desk. He seemed embarrassed.

"Don't want you to get the wrong impression, Hoagland. No, no. I'm an old man. More money than I ought to have, anyway. Here's thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars. That buys a five-thousand-dollar bond, doesn't it? I mean at maturity. I want you to have the bond registered in the name of Miss Collingwood. When her young man gets back she'll need it."

"But, Colonel—" Hoagland was overcome.

"Naturally," the colonel went on glibly, "if Miss Collingwood knew I was making good her gambling losses she wouldn't accept. High-spirited girl! Ha. Exactly. But suppose you told her the bond came from the head of this gambling spot. What's his name?—Glick. Ha. Exactly. I think from what Miss Collingwood told me over coffee, she realises, now, that she has been a bit of a fool. Let her think Mr. Glick is a cut above the average gambler, eh?"

The manager of the Brooke picked up the bills slowly. His glasses glittered with respect, admiration, and more than a dash of awe. "This is one of the finest things—"

The colonel cut firmly across the speech. "No, no, my dear sir. Please! I'm an old man, as I said before. A sentimental old fool, perhaps. But I knew a russet-haired girl once. It was a long time ago."

He turned and started for the door. Mr. Garvey wheeled too. Then the colonel paused. He seemed to remember the envelope which the clerk had given him. He dug the hotel statement out of the side pocket of his dinner-jacket. "Ha. Oh, yes. I nearly forgot. About this statement. I'll—"

It was Mr. Hoagland's turn to stop the colonel. He gestured with the currency between his fingers. Mr. Garvey took a deep apprehensive breath. "Forget it. A—mere formality. We always send weekly bills to new guests who have not established credit connections. A—man in your position wouldn't naturally know much about it, Colonel, but we in the hotel business run up against a lot of smart dead-beats and plausible rascals."

(Copyright)

Seeing Red

THE most important thing whenever you wear dramatic red is to make sure that your lipstick and nail lacquer are a perfect match for material.

● Make this simple gay red sports-dress in rayon or fine, soft sheer wool. Cleverly designed with magyar sleeves and unusual saddle-stitched side sections. Keep your topknot tidy with a quaint little snood.

● New "costume look" in slacks, done in strawberry-red lightweight wool. The trousers have a high, fitted waistline. Jacket, with gold buttons, is specially designed to be that important part of your wardrobe, a short coat to wear over all active sports clothes. At top left: Matching string-tied sandal.

● A double-sided bag with an over-the-shoulder strap, in red morocco, makes a gay summer accessory.

● New silhouette for suits, wide, dropped shoulder-line, deep armhole, three-quarter dolman sleeves, closely nipped-in waistline, and unusual welted joinings. Lovely in brilliant red, coarse, linen-like rayon, to wear day and night.

● Variation of platform wedge evening sandal. Made of red satin they have a gold stud trimming.

● Grecian goddess line is back again for formal evenings. This lovely frock in glorious red features classic, simple drapery, caught at the waist with a golden buckle. Gold for sandals, bag, and hair circlet on the topknot completes the picture.

● Amusing but flattering hat specially thought up to wear over a topknot. Done in red stiffened gros-grain and tied on with black velvet ribbon, it is as new as the hair-style.





Glamour...

depends upon something more than smart frocking and careful make-up. It involves happy personality, youthful vivacity, energy and fitness. That is why so many women begin each day with half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water... it's the secret of that inward cleanliness which means outward charm.

For
Make-up
Perfection

TANGEE

Petal-Finish

LIPSTICKS-ROUGE-FACE POWDER

The Valley of Decision



1 IN 1873 Mary Rafferty (Garson) becomes a maid in the home of steel magnate William Scott (Crisp), though her father (Barrymore) disapproves.



2 SOON Mary discovers that handsome Paul Scott (Peck) loves her, but she refuses to marry him.



3 WHEN Constance Scott (Hunt) decides to marry an English earl, Mary agrees to go to England with her as a companion, to escape from Paul, though she loves him.



4 ON her return to America, Mary finds her embittered father encouraging strikers at Scott's mill, and he finally fatally shoots Scott in a brawl.



5 FEELING the tragedy is partly her fault, Mary still refuses to marry Paul, though she returns to look after his mother (Cooper).



6 SHARES in the Scott mill are left to Mary by Mrs. Scott, and she finally helps to avoid the sale of the mill. When Paul is freed from an unhappy marriage, he and Mary then find happiness after twelve years.

New star team in romantic drama

TO co-star Greer Garson and Gregory Peck for the first time, MGM chose a film adaptation of Marcia Davenport's best-seller, "The Valley of Decision." The author is the daughter of famous lyric singer Alma Gluck, and her first novel, "Of Lena Geyer," was the story of a great singer. In "The Valley of Decision" she portrays the background of the family and business life of a steelworker in Pittsburgh over a period of twelve years, starting in 1873. In the film the stars are supported by Gladys Cooper, Donald Crisp, Lionel Barrymore, and Marsha Hunt.

Adventure WITH

Russian Leather

eau de cologne



You'll find Russian Leather Eau de Cologne in intriguing scarlet and black containers wherever exclusive perfumes are sold.

Russian Leather Eau de Cologne is not for the prim. Its alluring perfume subtly breathes temptation. Russian Leather is for those who thrill to adventures born of irresistible charm... for those who live... for women in love with life!

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Beware of this crippling infection

A CONSTANT MENACE ON
BEACHES AND IN DRESSING
SHEDS

Cracks and itch between your toes will warn you and at the first sign of infection rub in Iodex, which penetrates deeply, kills the fungus and prevents the spread of the complaint.

FROM YOUR CHEMIST, 2/-

Before surfing, golf or tennis, smear Iodex between your toes as a precautionary measure.

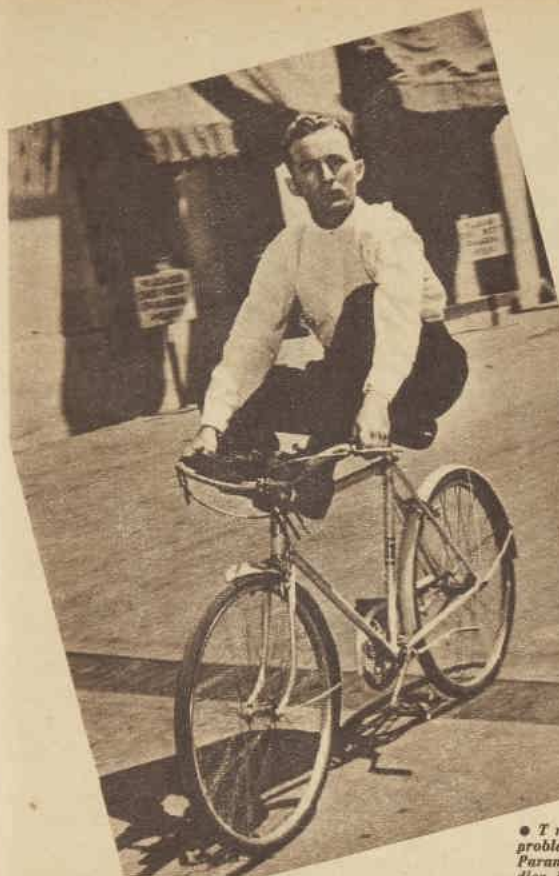
IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE



BRING
Xmas Joys

WITH
**Cyclops
Toys**

Limited Supplies of some
Cyclops toys this Xmas



• A stockyard rail seat gives young Australians Helen Grieve (left) and Daphne Campbell a welcome rest, during the shooting of Ealing studios' "The Overlanders."

• Transport problem round Paramount studios is solved by Bing Crosby in typically informal manner.

LEISURE HOURS FOR STARS

CANDID cameramen took these pictures of some of your favorite film stars, at times when they were not working. The shots are not always flattering, but they show you that movie people do not need studio glamor to make them appealing. Good humoredly they pose for candid pictures.



• A prospective picnic brings happy smiles from Greer Garson, of MGM, and her mother, Mrs. Nina Garson, though Greer's quaint French poodle, Gogo, seems somewhat doubtful of his enjoyment.



• Domestic scene at their Chelsea home for lovely Phyllis Calvert, England's popular star, and her husband, Peter Murray Hill. They recently appeared together in "They Were Sisters," a GBD film.



• Former film favorite Mary Pickford shares a joke with Major Gene Raymond and his wife, Jeanette MacDonald, at a Hollywood party following a concert given by Jeanette.



• Army leave for popular Fox star Lon McCallister, who visits his mother and grandmother at his Santa Monica home.



• Since resuming work with MGM, Clark Gable spends his free time on his twenty-acre citrus ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where he does many of the farm jobs himself.



You saw the artist painting, so you stopped the car to watch him at work. Then you bought his picture, it provided you with a record of that delightful trip, a reminder to go back over your tracks some day, to take your picture out of its frame and recapture its beauties in real life—that spot you'd searched out for yourself—that you'd never forgotten. . . .

But the war intervened—petrol rationing—shortage of tyres—and you've never been back.

It wasn't that tyres were not made during the war years—it was just that they were needed for far more important jobs. The Dunlop tyre that would have taken you back was working on a battlefield—not the same tyre—it was bullet proofed and toughened up for its new job. But out of the experience of those years, Dunlop are producing better tyres for you—tyres that will take you further, and in greater safety than you've ever enjoyed. Wait for new Dunlop tyres, for Dunlop sets the quality standard.

Pictures, out of the Frame . . .



MOST PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH EMPIRE RIDE ON DUNLOP TYRES.

DUNLOP RUBBER AUSTRALIA LIMITED (INC. IN VIC.)

WORTH Reporting

LONDON'S stay-at-home housewives will soon have to cope with a new excuse from revelling husbands. It won't be a darts championship or a night out with the boss. It will be—Art.

Soon, to hang among the stuffed trout, the dart boards, the shelves of pewter and other bric-a-brac of London pubs will be collections of watercolours and line drawings designed to delight the eyes of the City's tipplers.

There will be no cubism or anything from Salvador Dali that might start bibulous arguments or cause a man looking up from his third pot to blink and sign the pledge. London's big brewers are more artful than that.

Type of paintings to be delivered with their barrels of bitter will be conservative impressions of the English scene—a sweep of the Thames, the Tower Bridge, old churches, sleepy country taverns.

The combine of brewers paid about £2500 for 164 works and boosted their scheme with an exhibition before circulating them on their pub-to-pub crawl.

Queen Mary heard about it and decided to pay a visit. Inspecting drawings of bridges, churches, hop-fields, old landmarks, she turned with a puzzled look to the secretary escorting her, and said, "But I thought this was to be an exhibition of public-houses?"

SHORTAGE of wineglasses neatly overcome by resourceful Continental restaurant in Melbourne. Patrons now sip their after-dinner liqueurs from eye-baths—in abundant supply in shops at about 4d. each.

Hairnets from China

COMING hair styles will call for a hundred million hairnets yearly for American women, says Norvin Reiser, president of the Venida Hair Net Company, U.S.A.

Reiser says hair designers have gone ahead without worrying where the hairnets are coming from.

He is now trying to get permission to go to China to buy Chinese hair.

Reiser said he organised the human hair industry in North China in 1917 after German supplies had been cut off by the First World War.

This supply stopped in 1941. He now wants to return to re-organise the Chinese hair industry.

One of the main sources of hair comes from Chinese nunneries.

The hair is bleached, dyed, and sterilised before Chinese work-women knot it together into nets.

Reiser had three hundred thousand Chinese women making nets at home before the war.

CAT CASE

(Buster, a Boston tomcat, was left 40,000 dollars by his owner. Buster has now died, and the owner's relatives will renew their fight for the money.)

BUSTER, upon some moon-washed astral fies
Arches a ghostly back, preens
whiskers, smiles;
"Nine lives I purr away in
selfish ease,
Unnumbered kittens might be
legatees,
Whereas, obligingly, I died in-
testate—
Ah, what a subject for a judge
to jest at."

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Buys for servicemen

MRS. LORRAINE FRANKLAND TAYLOR, who is in charge of the personal shopping service section of New York's famous Anzac Club, has the walls of her personal office covered with signatures of Australian servicemen whom she has helped.

"She is a genius," says Lieut.-Cdr. T. H. Bennett, recently back from America.

"If a serviceman wants to buy a dress for wife or sweetheart he has only to tell her weight and height of the girl, and she can buy a frock to fit."

Strategic withdrawal

IN an Army camp in Australia, some soldiers decided to pool money to buy a farewell gift for their C.O.

Some privates, counting the cash in the company of a lieutenant, were not sure whether he had contributed.

Not liking to remind him directly of his omission, they tried the indirect approach, and pretended to quarrel among themselves as to who hadn't paid up.

"If you boys are going to quarrel about it, I'm going to take back my money," said the lieutenant, as he picked up 2/- from the bag and walked off.

Welcome in U.S.

AUSTRALIAN bride of an American serviceman, Mrs. William Kretzer, tells her mother in letters of the welcome she had at Hagerstone, Indiana.

"At church after some of the hymns the Rev. Dr. Plumber made an announcement.

"He said: 'Mrs. William Kretzer, Australian bride of one of our boys, has arrived. I hope, Mrs. Kretzer, you won't be embarrassed when I ask you to stand so that we can all see you.'"

Morse and Morse

MR. D. M. SPROAT, 60, of Ayr, Scotland, wireless operator of the troopship *Circassia*, now taking Indian P.O.W.s from Rabaul to India, is the oldest radio man in the Merchant Navy.

He is one of the original Marconi class of 350 ship operators trained in 1912.

All his classmates were lost in either World War One or Two, or have retired.

In Australia recently, he told of some of his early mistakes in Morse, sending with the original Tune A, Tune B sets.

When the battleship *Resolution* tried out her new 14in. guns he mis-sent an A for E, and B for G in an Admiralty signal.

Their lordships in Whitehall were informed that *Resolution* had: "Successfully tasted fourteen-inch buns."

Later, on an Atlantic crossing, a Dowager Duchess' daughter gave birth to a son at sea.

Mr. Sproat sent an X sign for Y, and an alarmed Dowager received a radio: "Lady So-and-so gave birth to a box. Both doing well."

AN Adelaide father, determined that his daughter's wedding should be a success, hired a special tram to take the 40 guests from church to reception held in another suburb.

Animal Antics



"It says here, buck teeth may be caused by thumb sucking."

Situation vacant

DOMESTIC help is almost impossible to find in England. Terms offered suggest varying viewpoints on adequate salary. Some examples:

Wanted young lady demobilised from Forces as companion-help to elderly lady. Comfortable, happy home, and 10/- weekly offered to right person. Must be able to drive car, play bridge, take charge of housekeeping, do fancy cookery, typewrite and play the piano.

Wanted young girl for daily work. 7 a.m. to 8 p.m. Modern house with every convenience. Would give 2/- per hour for really intelligent work. All meals provided and use of piano.

Widower requires cook-house-keeper, Devon, near town and sea; car kept; no heavy work. Please send recent photograph and state salary required.

Four guineas weekly is offered to competent children's nanny to take complete charge of five young children, eldest seven years, youngest baby in arms. Will be expected to cook for them, clean day and night nurseries, and make all clothes.

THE housing shortage all over Britain is so acute that in the Essex town of Ongar the Grammar School is to be converted into self-contained flats, while the school is to be transferred to a 15th century barn.

Put your Best Face Forward



And it's easy! For many a woman the art of putting her best face forward nowadays is a simple reliance upon Yardley beauty preparations. Originally created to make you more attractive, Yardley's world-famous English Cosmetics keep you looking that way. Stay "complexion-perfect" at all times with exquisite Yardley products. They're light as swansdown and fragrant as flowers.

"Bond Street" Complexion Powder, 4/4.
English Complexion Cream, 6/4.
Yardley Lipstick, 3/6.
Yardley Lavender, 3/3 to 17/3.
Lavender Soap, large tablets, 2/10.



Yardley
OF LONDON

Put your best face forward with . . . Yardley

G.Y. 28.45

Dirty work—but who cares
when there's
PEARS
SOAP

Baby's delicate skin needs Pears—a soap of clear transparency. You have simply to hold a tablet up to the light to see that Pears is utterly pure. Perfect for baby . . . matchless for your own complexion.



Soon . . . very soon . . . our retailers will have a range of electrical appliances to demonstrate to you. A range of appliances that will bring a new sparkle to the eyes of war-weary housewives. A range that will bear the most respected name in radio—TASMA.

THOM & SMITH
PTY. LTD.

919 Botany Rd., Mascot.
403 Bourke St., Melbourne.
62 Eagle St., Brisbane.

Tasma

Beat Summer Fatigue with OVALTINE

COLD



FOR BREAKFAST . . .

Two teaspoonsful of energising Ovaltine in a cup of milk is the ideal food-drink for the whole family at the start of a strenuous summer's day.



AT 11 A.M. . . .

A cup of delicious, economical Ovaltine combats fatigue, keeps you fit and alert. Housewives, office and manual workers all derive benefit from Ovaltine.



AT 4 P.M. . . .

Thousands have now formed the healthful habit of drinking Ovaltine every afternoon. Rich in food value, Ovaltine is easily and quickly prepared.



AT BEDTIME . . .

For sound, restful sleep, there's nothing to compare with Ovaltine, which gives you all the goodness of malt extract, milk and eggs in its most delicious form.



Drink Your Good Health in - Ovaltine



Delicious

COLD or HOT



OVALTINE . . . CRYSTALLINE MALT EXTRACT
.. OVALTINE TABLETS are produced at the
delightfully situated Garden Factory of . .

A. WANDER LIMITED, QUOIBA, DEVONPORT, TASMANIA



One soldier's first day in civvies

Great moment he dreamed about was not up to expectations

By "SARGE" FORD

Last night I thought of to-day, when I would don my civvy suit for the first time since 1941. It seemed too good to be true.

No more at the beck and call of the company commander. No more hopping out of blankets at reveille, just when you can really enjoy your sleep. Never more the rush to the shower and brush-up to be ready to call the roll at 7 o'clock and take the mess parade.

I'll be able and free to go into town just when I like without squaring off to the higher-up for a special leave pass to get an extra night's leave.

I'll be able to mix with the jokers in Civvy Street, just like I used to before I joined up.

I was a long time getting some shut-eye. It takes a lot of time and thought to plan your first day in civvies. You want to avoid the things you were able to do as a soldier on leave.

However, I got it all worked out at length, and after counting millions of troops passing by, instead of sheep, I eventually went to sleep.

At 5.15 a.m. the milkman hauled me out of a wonderful sleep—he would have got hell for waking soldiers in camp at that unearthly hour.

The shower was cold all right, but it didn't cool my excitement at the thought—here is my Great Day at last. Wouldn't I like just to ring up the senior combatant officer now and tell him something, but he won't be up for at least another hour and a half yet.

Then begins the job of climbing into civvy togs.

It is not so thrilling after all. Tight collar, studs that just do not fall into the holes in the cuffs but take lots of humoring. Cotton boot-laces that have not the terrific breaking strain of leather ones. Waistcoat that reminds you of a foundation garment when you start to button it up, but one does put on weight in the Army, they say.

Then you sit down to breakfast, served with a smile and hot, instead of standing in a queue while the eats get cold.

You climb into your coat. It looks good—oh, too. Then up to the tram, where you get your first reminder that you are back in Civvy Street.

You pay 4d. for the run into town instead of the penny you paid com-

ing from the city in uniform.

You call on a couple of last war Digger pals, and are they glad to see you back? I'll say. But they have to work for a living, and you set out to give the city the once over.

Down Pitt Street, brushing shoulders with the population, comes the feeling: Now I'm one of them! I don't have to salute those pip and crown jokers when they look at me. This is great.

A crowd of Diggers, untidy in dress, maybe, but Diggers. They give you a glance, but they don't say "Day, Sarge!" They just move on and you know you really are a civvy; but somehow it doesn't taste so good now.

The next pair you meet you give the Diggers greeting: "Day, Digger!"

At first they look startled. A civvy really speaking friendly-like to them?

It seems wrong. Then they spot your badge and answer: "When's git-out? Half your luck. Where's the grog on?"

You happen to know a bloke who knows a bloke, so you all oil up a bit, shake hands, wish them luck, and they wish you "half yer luck" again and shove off.

You decide to take in a show. But you have seen most of them up North, so decide to have a cup of tea instead, so make for the canteen, you used to make your headquarters.

But you remember, as you approach the door, "Only Service personnel in uniform served" is the sign, so you shear away and decide to patronise a cafe.

Inside they are all civvies, except over there you spot a Digger having morning tea with his mother.

There is only one seat at the table and there are plenty of vacant tables round, but you take the one next to the Digger—just for company, because you are feeling mighty lonely in this big, bustling city full of civvies.

THIS is the story of how one Digger felt on his first day back in civilian life.

There may be hundreds of other soldiers having just the same experience of bewildered loneliness. From this story you will understand how they feel, and may be able to make up a little for the mates they are missing.

Out in the street again, you go window buying, with no one to talk to—they say Englishmen are so formal they won't speak to you without an introduction. That proves Australians are English stock, or some of them.

Then, after an hour's walk round the streets (why don't civvies walk a reasonable straight line and cover off in the streets), comes a feeling like you get when you are out on a job and miss the midday mess parade.

Follows a visit to the doors of several restaurants and cafes, but there seems to be something missing. Then you get wise to what it is.

You remember the mess parade and you also remember that in your civvy days there was a chain store cafeteria where you queued up.

Along you go, and there is a bonzer long queue lined up, shuffling slowly along to the dishing-out point. You grab a tray and join the queue and at last, for the first

TOP LEFT: The lonely ex-soldier finds a "friend." Left: Marching troops, symbol of the comradeship that the soldier misses when he becomes a civilian.

time that day, you feel at home. With your tray you take your seat at a crowded table, and your eating gear gets mixed up with your neighbor's, but you are happy.

It is so like the Army conditions that you used to rouse and curse about, but now you would give your right hand to be back amid it all again.

Well, like final leave and all such wonderful events, all good things must come to an end.

Out into the streets again to more and bigger crowds, where you wander about, all you decide to look in on a talkie-short joint. That passes 90 minutes away, but there is the prospect of another couple of hours just walking about among people who would not care a damn if they knew you were lonely, and you decide to sit in the park. There the old atmosphere comes back for a while.

Diggers aplenty, sheilas, sprawled out on the grass, or just yarning and chewing blades of grass.

But you cannot join them. You're not in uniform now, and so are of the civvy class. A shickered Digger lurches along, and puts the nips in for a loan of a couple of bob.

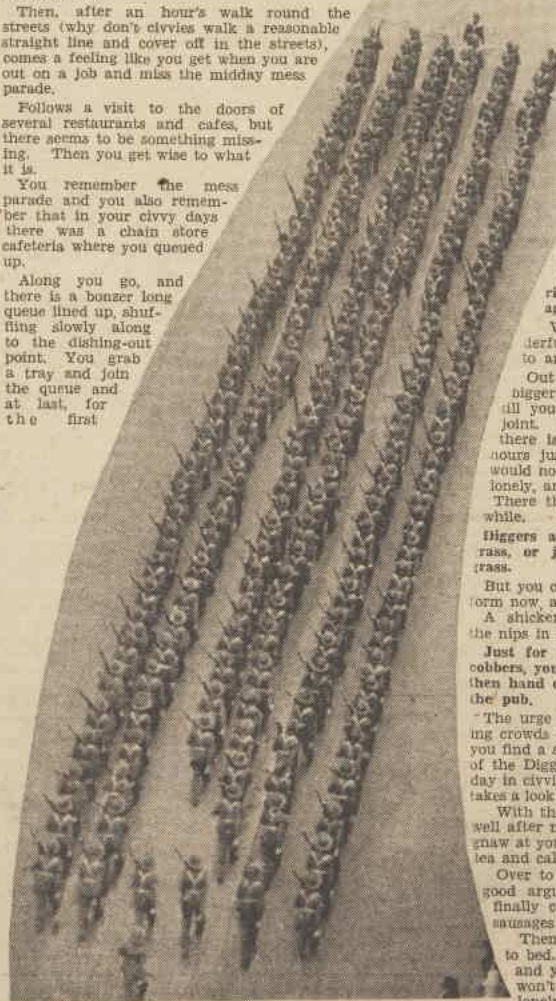
Just for the crowd he represents, your old cobbler, you keep him talking for a few minutes, then hand over the two bob, and he beats it for the pub.

The urge comes to get away from those teeming crowds of civvies, so it's out to Coogee, where you find a seat and start to wonder if many more of the Diggers discharged will enjoy such a first day in civvies. A dog of much and varied ancestry takes a look at you, creeps up, and you pat his head.

With this new-found friend you sit there until well after nightfall, and finally the mice begin to gnaw at your innards again, so you decide to have tea and call it a day.

Over to the hamburger joint you go, enjoy a good argument with the proprietor before he finally consents to sell you a couple of fried sausages for the dog, who is hungry.

Then you can enjoy your own tea and home to bed. But I hope that when my cobbler—and your cobbler, too—are discharged they won't find their first day in civvies as lonely as I found mine.



Editorial

DECEMBER 15, 1945

FAREWELL TO THE R.N.

TO the British Navy, as it moves its headquarters to Hongkong, Australia says: "We enjoyed having you here. We hope you'll call again on peacetime visits."

We feel rather like a family which has met distant relations and is pleased to find that differences of environment haven't affected the normal family ties.

We are glad, too, to be able to return some of the hospitality which thousands of our men received in Great Britain.

One of the compensations of war has been the widening of our contacts with other countries. In the last war our young men met people of other lands. In this war the young men and women of other lands have come to us as well.

Many a suburban home has learned that an accent from Missouri or Manchester expresses an outlook fundamentally similar to our own.

Now as our visitors, draft by draft, depart, our cities will take on their normal peacetime air, where a strange accent or a foreign uniform is a rarity.

But there is no need for us to return to our pre-war mental isolation. In fact, it will be tragic if we do.

We have had plenty of opportunity to learn that ways other than ours are not necessarily bad. We sorely need immigrants, and the friendships we have made in wartime should stand us in good stead when we welcome new citizens from abroad—as we must if we are to retain our foothold on this sparsely populated continent.

World Congress of Women

Famous scientists discussed the future of atomic energy

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON from Paris

Most momentous question discussed by 1000 delegates at the first International Women's Congress in Paris was the future use of atomic energy.

Six famous women scientists left the remoteness of their laboratories to take their places as citizens of the world, hoping to ensure that this energy would be used constructively in the new world women are helping to shape.

AMONG them was president of the Congress, frail, grey-haired Madame Eugénie Cotton, one of France's most important scientists.

Another was Madame Irene Joliot-Curie, who clapped her hands when American delegate Camilla Bryce Pinchot said two nations should not be allowed to keep the atomic bomb secret. The Soviet should also have it.

Famous Eve Curie's daughter said to me:

"Women played an essential part in the discovery of atomic energy. We must not let men use our brains for destruction. Women's work in the world should be all constructive."

It is not only as a scientist that Madame Joliot-Curie attended the Congress; but also to gain for women equal rights. She pointed out she still had to get permission from her husband to take any public position, just as she had to have his permission to take a post in the Blum Government.

At the Congress famous women, who fought against Fascism long before its jackbooted armies trampled over freedom-loving peoples, met young enthusiasts from conquered countries, who, as partisans, helped throw off the Fascist yoke.

Women of every race and creed came from the four corners of the earth. They left their kitchens and offices, their laboratories and factories to ensure that a war such as many have known twice in a single generation should not happen again.

Mrs. Jessie Street, head of the Australian delegation, arrived from Moscow, where she had been on a visit, in one of three Russian planes set aside by the Soviet Government to take 40 Russian delegates to the conference.

She was an outstanding figure, working hard on commissions and bringing the point of view of Australian women forward to the women of less advanced countries.

From Oatley Bay, N.S.W., flew Mrs. A. B. York, arriving in Paris less than a week after leaving home. In her handbag she carried the Australian Women's Charter, studied by delegates from all over the world.

Worked hard

AUSTRALIA'S two other delegates were Mrs. Guy Innes, who has lived in Britain for many years, and Mrs. Rischeth, O.B.E., who comes from Perth, but has made her home in England.

The four delegates represented the Australian Federation of Women Voters. They made a solid contribution to the Congress.

Each left with the Congress' resolutions in her despatch case, and, like every one of the thousand delegates, their next work will be to put into effect in their own countries the aims and ideals expressed therein.

Seated between two Russian women, Red Army General Trots-



FAMOUS French woman scientist Madame Irene Joliot-Curie was an important delegate at the Congress.

kaya, and leader of a fighter wing of the Red Air Force, Colonel Berchanskaya, Mrs. Street received a vociferous welcome.

She remained throughout the conference one of the most popular delegates.

Yugoslavia sent a band of girl partisans. Symbolic of the new world in which women are taking a greater part was the inclusion in their delegation of Tito's Minister of Finance, a handsome, extremely feminine woman.

It gave everyone a terrific sense of achievement to have a delegate of her calibre.

It also gave a new feeling of confidence in woman's capacity.

She will continue working for the Congress on the question of how this world organisation is to be financed.

Leading the Russian delegation was Madame Popova, much-decorated general secretary of the Russian trade unions. She was at the San Francisco Conference.

Spanish delegate was grey-haired La Pasionaria (Dolores Ibarruri), whose impassioned speech on conditions in Spain to-day brought tears of sympathy to the eyes of many of her listeners.

She is a magnificent speaker, rousing Congress to wild cheering and enthusiastic determination to help those less fortunate women in their fight against Fascism.

Mrs. Street, commenting on the conference, said:

"Congress did much constructive work and gave an opportunity to women of every country to gain a knowledge of each other's problems."

"For instance, we Britishers found a little country like Albania, only just liberated, had already what we have worked for so hard and so long—complete equality of men and women."

"France, where women have just



MRS. JESSIE STREET, who was head of Australian delegation to International Women's Congress.

got the vote, was able to point the way for other countries in the matter of taking care of expectant mothers.

"Here they are given six weeks off with full pay before their baby's arrival, and six weeks after."

"Part of our programme is to see there is as little delay as possible in reconstruction of houses destroyed during the war, to look after war orphans until they reach their majority, and to see that war invalids and their families are supported."

Mrs. Street told me something of how Russia is handling her housing problem, which is as urgent as in any country in the world.

"There is a wonderful community spirit," she said, "which brings Russians together in working parties."

"When the day's work is done, everyone—doctors, lawyers, grocers, collective farmers and their families—gives voluntary labor to get their neighbors' houses built."

"In this way they are helping to solve their problem of reconstruction, and it is a way the rest of the world might follow, I think."

General views

MRS. STREET went on to say this congress would adequately express the views of women on all problems facing women at the moment, whether they are mothers, scientific workers, business women, or housewives.

"The position at the moment is too fluid to draw up a charter, but as soon as it crystallises there will be a world charter for women," Mrs. Street concluded.

At the conclusion of the conference delegates were entertained by French Foreign Minister Bidault, and by the Embassies in turn.

Lady Diana Duff Cooper at the British Embassy served cocktails to 1000 delegates and their friends.

The 40 Italian women, who gained their freedom by fighting in the partisan movement in northern Italy, invited friends to the Italian Embassy. The Soviet's well-organised mission threw a large party at their Embassy, and everyone from Moscow to Mexico, Iceland to Iraq and Australia, was there.

So the first Women's World Congress drew to its close and women who came into public life through resistance movements, together with women who fought for freedom behind the liberating armies, return to their countries to see that women's work is carried on in peace and that it shall not happen again.

Interesting People



SIR CHARLES DAVIS
... pageantry revived

LONDONERS in their thousands lined streets of the city to applaud first peacetime Lord Mayor's Show, once again celebrated with ancient pageantry in mile-long cavalcade when new Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Davis, took office last month. The Lord Mayor was sheriff of city in 1942-1943.



MRS. WEBSTER POWELL
... child welfare

RECENTLY arrived in Australia with her husband, who is Labor Attaché at U.S. Legation, Canberra, Mrs. Webster Powell lectured on child development at Maryland University and was one of first in the States to become professionally interested in nursery school movement. For time ran her own school. Recently gave talks in Washington on behalf of Y.W.C.A. on education for marriage.



GEN. G. CARPENTER
... Salvation Army chief

INTERNATIONAL leader of Salvation Army, Australian-born General George Carpenter, is at present on tour of Australasia. Head of organisation since 1939, he will retire next year at age of 74. Joined Salvation Army in 1892. In London worked in close association with founder, the late General Booth. Has held important editorial and administrative posts all over the world.

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 19 to 25. (On Dec. 10, 17 to 25 expire. On Dec. 17, 25 to 25 become valid.)
SUGAR: 11 to 14 (15 and 16 also become valid on Dec. 17).
BUTTER: 19 to 21 (all Dec. 18).
MEAT: Black, 43 to 49, red, and green, 49, 51, 53, and 55 (avail. till Dec. 16).
CLOTHES: Y1-56, 557-112.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THERE is a predominance of fortunate planetary radiations this week. Those most strongly favored are Arians, Leonians, Sagittarians, Librans, and Aquarians.

People born under Gemini, Pisces, and Virgo, however, may experience annoyances and disappointments.

The Daily Diary

HERM is my astrological diary for the week.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Excellent days for most Arians. Seek advancement, gains, and changes with confidence. Outlook Dec. 12, 14, 15, 17, and 18.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Improvements soon, so be patient. Meanwhile Dec. 12, 14, 15 (rain), and 17 all helpful. **GEMINI** (May 21 to June 21): Beware indiscretions, changes, upsets. Especially on Dec. 11, 12, 13, late 17, and all 18. Trickery on Dec. 12. Dodge arguments, partings, losses, if possible.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Speed up semi-important projects before Dec. 21. Dec. 11 fair (after 10 a.m.); 12 (fair to 11 a.m. and from 2 to 3 p.m.), and 13 good.

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 21): Seek desired goals, changes, promotions now. Dec. 13 (after 4 p.m.) good, 14 excellent. Dec. 15 (evening only), 17 (evening), 18 (to 4 p.m.) good.

VIRGO (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): Be guarded and patient now. Avoid arguments and worry. Especially on Dec. 11, 12, 13, late 17, and all 18.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Dec. 17 (evening) and 18 (to 1 p.m.) can be quite pleasing and helpful. Dec. 12 to 16 poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Dec. 12 and 14 quite favorable. Dec. 17 (evening only) and 18 (to 1 p.m.) pleasing.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Keep busy now, but avoid rashness, to discretion. Dec. 11, 12, 13 (to midday), late 17, and all 18 very poor. Dec. 12, all 14, and 15 good.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 20): Not a spectacular week, though Dec. 12, 15, and 17 all mildly helpful. Dec. 14 and 16 can be poor.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Dec. 12, 14 (after 8 a.m.), 17 (evening), and 18 (to 1 p.m.) can be quite favorable. But Dec. 13, 15, 16, and early 17 rather poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Live quietly now. Dec. 11, 12, 15, and 17 rather difficult. Dec. 13 and 16 quite adverse. Avoid quarrels, delays, disappointments, changes, and worry.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Film Reviews

★ **Conflict**. An absorbing drama from Warners presents Humphrey Bogart in an unsympathetic role as a wife-killer. Bogart is satirical and moody as the man who kills his nagging wife (Rosa Hobart) because of his love for her sister (Alexis Smith). The one flaw in his almost watertight alibi may be discerned by keen audiences as it was by psychiatrist Sydney Greenstreet, who tricks Bogart into revealing his crime. Suspense is sustained at a high level throughout, with Bogart deserving the attention he claims in every scene.—Mayfair; showing.

★ **Bowery to Broadway**. With care-free abandon Universal have gathered a large bunch of good players and thrown them into a musical which gets pretty boring at times during the plot's stretch of thirty years. Stars Jack Oakie and Donald Cook as friendly enemy stage managers are well contrasted. Susanna Fuster (trilling a few songs) and Maria Montez are the leading women, though a brief appearance by Louise Albritton is notable. Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan have one bright song and dance number.—Capitol; showing.

★ **Pillow of Death**. Universal bill this little thriller as an Inner Sanctum Mystery, but there's not much mystery about the story, which stars Lon Chaney as a psychotic killer who crams several murders into a short period before he stops causing any further trouble by leaping from a window. Brenda Joyce gives Chaney good support as his secretary, who escapes being another murder victim in the last few minutes of the film.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR**: His giant Nubian servant, appalled by the cruelty of **PRINCE PAULO**: Ruler of Dementor, decide to help **DORMUS**: Prisoner of Paulo, who is in love with **SYBIL LOUISA**: Also a captive, and whom Paulo intends to marry. Paulo is furious be-

cause Mandrake says his cruelties must cease, and he cunningly plans to trap Mandrake. Paulo decides to marry the lovely Sybil at once. He taunts her and Dormus; but Mandrake gestures and Sybil appears as a fish in a huge bowl, which is her prison. Meanwhile Dormus seems to become a monster eagle with wings outstretched menacingly. NOW READ ON:



STOP IT! STOP IT! HELP! HELP! GUARDS! GUARDS! SAVE YOUR PRINCE!



GUARDS! HELP! IT'S MAGIC--BLACK MAGIC!



--PRINCE PAULO FLEES IN TERROR!



MANDRAKE--WHAT--WHAT HAPPENED?

A LITTLE HYPNOTIC ILLUSION, DORMUS. PAULO'S CHICKEN-HEARTED AND YOU AS A HAWK ALMOST SCARED HIM TO DEATH!



DORMUS--

DARLING--

I'M GOING AFTER PAULO. GET SYBIL OUT OF THE CASTLE--AND I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER.



RACING THROUGH WINDING PASSAGEWAYS, MANDRAKE FINALLY CATCHES SIGHT OF PAULO!



LOCKED! AND THE DOOR BEHIND ME--CLOSED! GOOD HEAVENS! I'VE ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE TRAPPED! AND I THOUGHT PAULO WAS TOO SCARED TO THINK OF ANYTHING BUT ESCAPE!



HE WALKED INTO IT--LIKE A BLIND GOOSE! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW HE LIKES MY STEEL CRISS-CROSS TRAP!

OUTSIDE THE ROOM, PAULO PULLS A SWITCH--



WHAT ON EARTH! WHAT NOW!

TO BE CONTINUED

AND A HEAVY STEEL SPIKE, SHARP-POINTED, SPEEDS OUT OF A WALL PANEL AND BANGS INTO THE OPPOSITE WALL.

Worked as film extras, navvies, and farmers



HAPPY REUNION for F/Sgt. M. Campbell, his sister-in-law (Mrs. M. Campbell), and his small niece. F/Sgt. Campbell has been abroad for four years and returned to Sydney in the Aquitania.

Airmen took jobs while waiting to come home

By **BETTY DAWSON**

Civilian jobs done by R.A.A.F. men in England while they were on leave awaiting transport home have caused some of them to change their minds about their postwar careers.

One man who before the war was a salesman for men's clothes now wants to be a window-dresser.

He is F/Lt. Lyn Healey of Stoney Creek Road, Bexley, N.S.W., who was among the airmen who returned to Australia in the Aquitania.

HEALEY was introduced by an Australian friend to the owner of a women's drapery store in Gloucester.

The storekeeper offered him a job as a window-dresser. Healey explained he knew nothing at all of the art, but was assured that the windows could not look worse than they were.

"I was a month on the job," he said, "and I went to town on those windows. For a while I changed them every day. I learned as I went along, and improved a good deal.

"Anyway, I became so interested in the work that I got some books on the subject and am going to take a course in it."

Crushing marble for nine days at £1 per day in a mosaic terrazzo works in Uxbridge, England, produced £9 additional to his Air Force pay for W/O. Wallace Dunn, of Newcastle, N.S.W.

When Wallace was asked what he did with the money, he replied, "Got married." He and his Welsh bride are both 21. They met when Wallace was stationed at Pembroke, in South Wales, while he was attached to Squadron 461.

Wallace's future plans are uncertain, except that he won't be crushing marble. He was only 17 when he enlisted, and had done one year's apprenticeship as a boilermaker.

"It was not so much the money but monotony that decided most of us to do something," said W/O. John Tapp, of Dulwich Hill.

John went straight into the R.A.A.F. from school, and had no particular qualifications, so decided on a navy's job in a shipyard.

With his great friend Jackie Boyer, of Campsie, he joined the firm of Nicholson and Wright at Barrow - on - Furness, Lancashire. This firm was under contract to the



SON AND DAUGHTER, Sonda and David, welcomed F/O. L. H. Wooten, of Marrickville, when he returned from England. He worked for two months as a clerk in an ordnance factory at Derby.

big shipbuilding firm of Vickers and Armstrong. The boys were employed on building a crane.

They received £5/18/- for a 67½-hour week. This included overtime. The average navy worked 56 hours each week.

"Nothing will induce me to work with a pick and shovel again," said John, "but it was an excellent experience. I became interested in the lives and conditions of many of the men with whom we worked."

Some of the men joined the London offices of firms by which they had been employed in Australia. If

they were able to satisfy the R.A.F. authorities that the job was actual training, the men were allowed six months' leave of absence.

When the time is up they must return or remain without Service pay.

"One day's film work was enough for me," said W/O. Ron Wallace, of Brisbane.

Ron enlisted for work as an extra at Denham Film Studio, where as many as 300 Australian and 150 New Zealand airmen were used in a day.

Their role was as Roman soldiers in the film "Caesar and Cleopatra."

"The men were picked for their height and physique. They had to be about six feet," said Ron.

"But not even two guineas a day would get me up at 5.30 a.m. Work began at 8 a.m., and as the studio was an hour's run in the tube from London, it meant an early start."

The men did not see the stars—Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh—as the main shots had been finished some months earlier.

Four free pints of beer a day lured a number of the lads to Mitchell and Butler's brewery, in Bedfordshire.

Alan Keating, of Drummoyne, with two of his friends, P/Lt. Conroy, of Bondi, and Cpl. Harry Hughes, of South Australia, were three of the men who added an extra £4/10/- to their weekly Service pay.

Country life attracted others. A former Canberra Civil servant, W/O. Frank Castle, of Queanbeyan, stayed with friends on a farm near Oxford for nine weeks.

While there he drove a truck and supplemented his Service pay by an extra £5 per week.

In the rolling hill country at Roxburgh, Scotland, near the English border, W/O. Harley Bickerstaff, of Abbotsford, worked on a 3000-acre farm for three months. Wheat, barley, and oats were the crops.

The delightful homestead, where Harley was a guest, was owned by a descendant of Sir Walter Scott.

Harley, on his discharge, will return to his former position as an accountant.

HIGHLIGHTS 2GB of the WEEK

SUNDAY "The National Singers" 7.10 p.m.
Sydney's only male octet.

MONDAY "LEAVE PASS" 8 p.m.
Jack Davey quizzes Servicemen for big cash prizes.

TUESDAY "The Man in Grey" 9 p.m.
Splendid half-hour sequences of Lady Eleanor Smith's best seller.

WEDNESDAY All your favourite stars in "CASHMERE BOUQUET SHOW" 8 p.m.

THURSDAY You'll enjoy the gentle satire of "A. J. ALAN STORIES" 9 p.m.

FRIDAY Note the change in time for Jack Davey and George Foster in "Can You Top This?" 8 p.m.

SATURDAY Music of the great wide, open spaces. "HILL-BILLY ROUND-UP" 9.30 p.m.

KEY STATION of the MACQUARIE NETWORK

Australian paints old soldiers

By **HAZEL JACKSON**
of our London staff

Six paintings of heroes of past wars, the Chelsea Pensioners, and their London home, the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, complete the work that an Australian girl, British war artist Miss Norma Bull, has been doing in England for the past six years.

IN paintings of Service and civilian life, men, women and children, the horrors of the blitz, and occasional glimpses of a more peaceful life shining like the promise of the future, she has presented a vivid panorama of the wartime years in England.

A number of pictures in this series have been acquired for the National collection, and Miss Bull has had letters both from Queen Mary, who has purchased two of her paintings, and from Queen Elizabeth, congratulating her on her work.

An exhibition of her work will be held in London within the next few months, and then Miss Bull is headed for home.

"The human side of my work and the many personal contacts I have made have brightened even the



CHELSEA pensioners Cpl. R. Humphrey and A. Hammond admiring some of Miss Bull's work.

worst places," she said, "but I am longing for home."

"My absence has made certain Australian characteristics stand out more clearly in my mind, and I am itching to do some paintings of my own country."

Miss Bull's home is in Melbourne, where two of her pictures are hanging in the Art Gallery, and she hopes to arrange an exhibition of her English work there when she returns.

PETS PLAY UP TO THE CANDID CAMERAMAN



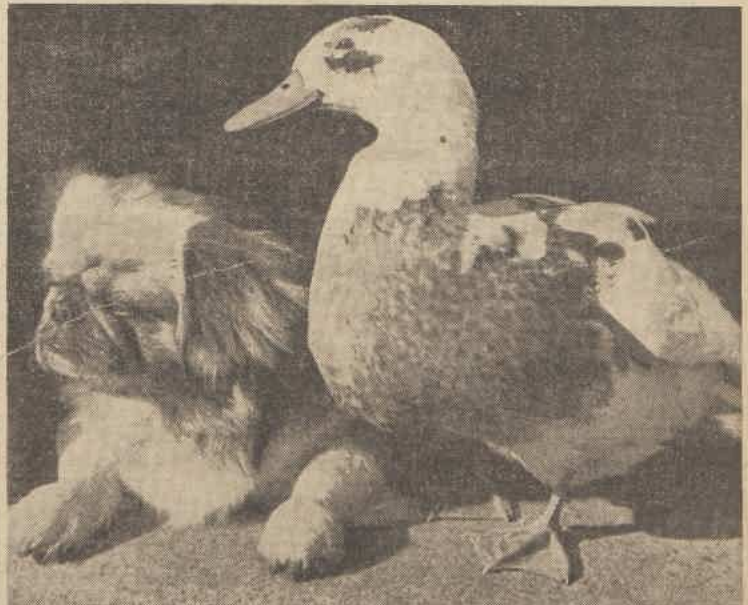
AFRICAN PARROT at Regent's Park Zoo, London, lies on glass, is tossed up, comes down in keeper's hand, takes a bow.



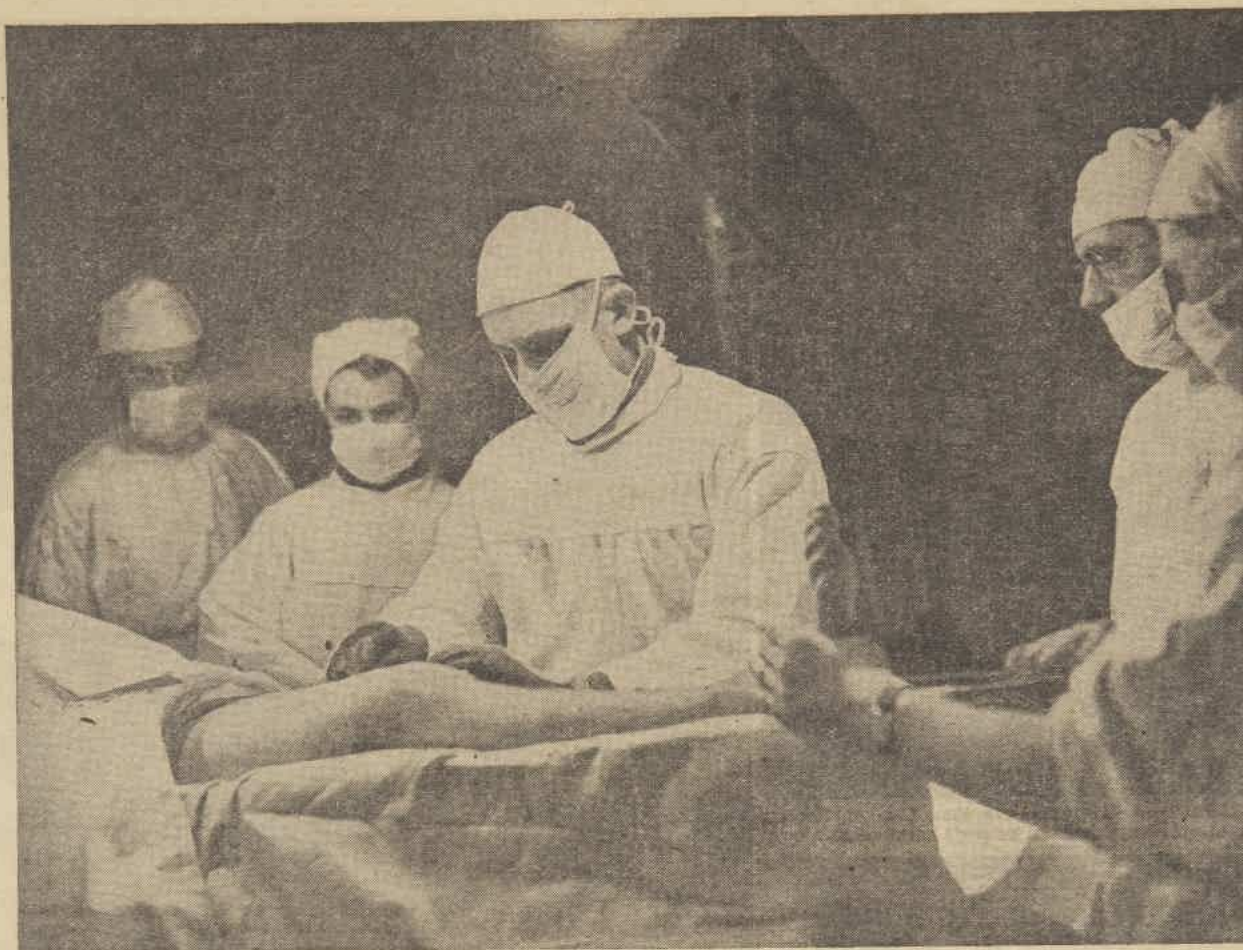
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT is typified by this Cairn terrier. A deep content pervades him as he sits back, looking very much the canny Scot he is.



WELL PLAYED, SIR. This Airedale impersonates a cricketer and plays his part admirably at a Quaint Dog Show, at Hampton, Middlesex, Eng.



GOOD COMPANIONS are Daisy the Duck and Major the Peke, who walk out together at Northampton, Eng. Major appointed himself Daisy's guard.



He lived—helped by the fabrics you didn't have!

Another brave man has been helped back to life, thanks to the medical corps. But how would he have fared if doctors and nurses had lacked equipment?

At home in Britain, we had to see that supply lines were fed with the things they had to have. For instance, machinery that normally makes Tootal products was turned over to making various kinds of hospital needs. And there were other calls — the fighting services and people in liberated countries needed the materials we could make. That's why we

had to scale down production of fashion fabrics to a small fraction of the amount we used to send you.

★ ★ ★

Soon we hope to produce all the Tootal fabrics you want — particularly the long-awaited Tobralco. Meanwhile, there will be small supplies of Lombia, Tootoile and Toolina — branded "Tebilized" for tested crease-resistance. All these fabrics carry the Tootal Guarantee: their names are Trade Marks.

TOOTAL REGD. fabrics

MADE IN ENGLAND BY TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED, MANCHESTER 1
MELBOURNE (P.O. BOX 1035H) SYDNEY (P.O. BOX 2300M)



"MRS. 'OBBS' and "Mrs. Jeffries" discuss the forthcoming thousandth performance of the serial, "Mrs. 'Obbs," from Station 2GB.

Thousand times on the air

"Mrs. 'Obbs," the serial heard from Station 2GB every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 7.30 p.m., will reach its thousandth performance shortly.

This means the show has been on the air for almost five years.

LISTENERS have followed "Mrs. 'Obbs" through many trials and tribulations. Each episode is told with robust, healthy humor.

This indomitable woman declares frequently that she "works her fingers to the bone" for her "Obbs," who seems to take her attentions very much as a matter of course.

But secretly he has a very high regard for his "Liz."

"Obbs" does not believe in rushing a job without weighing the pros and cons, and these usually outweigh the job. He and his great friend, "Dickie Bart," are two characters that one might meet on any street corner, but "Mrs. 'Obbs" has never considered Dickie the best influence for her "Obbs."

"Mrs. Bottomley," who can be so dumb at times that her friend, "Mrs. 'Obbs" seems a mental giant, "Dear Mr. Boodle," "Mrs. Jupples" and her inseparable friend, "Mrs. Jeffries," are all true-to-life characters.

At present these characters are being depicted as busy rehearsing for a Christmas pantomime, which will be broadcast on Christmas Eve.

"Mrs. Jupples" late husband wrote the pantomime and everybody is in it.

Rehearsals for the pantomime are currently causing great excitement.

All the characters, who have been involved in so many odd situations during the past five years, take part, and each one contributes to the confusion typical of all rehearsals.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 12: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, Dec. 13 (from 4.30 to 4.45): "Among My Souvenirs."

FRIDAY, DEC. 14: The Australian Women's Weekly presents, Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Mindy."

SUNDAY, Dec. 16 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, Dec. 17: "Melody Four-corners."

TUESDAY, Dec. 18: Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 169-176 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

Fashion PATTERNS

F4000.—The dinner gown you've been waiting for. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F4001.—Form-fitting, flattering summer suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F4002.—Smart play suit you'll be proud to wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide. Price, 1/7.

F4003.—New cap-sleeve. Charming. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F4004.—Frilly blouse that is completely feminine. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under. Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 4913, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 455F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 150C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.



FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"PHEBE"

A pretty frock in summer floral

This sweet, casual little frock is ideal for both town and sports wear, and is fashioned in a delightful floral crease-resisting spun rayon in vivid floral tonings on pastel backgrounds of gold, pale pink, turquoise, pale blue, and pale green. The pattern is scattered and very dainty.

Design features the new wide shoulder-line, cap-sleeves, and is buttoned down the front. The neckline fits high, and is finished with a self floppy bow. Waist has slim-fitting band, from which falls a fully gathered skirt finished with two hip pouch pockets.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 54/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut-Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 32/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 39/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

No. 669.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK IN SWEET FLORAL COTTON.

The pattern for this little frock is traced clearly on Celine floral cotton, in shades of blue, red, turquoise, navy, or brown on a white background, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together.

Back is plain, sleeves are short and straight, and waist is finished with self belt.

Sizes 6 to 8 years, 5/6 (8 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 7/4 (7 coupons); 10 to 12 years, 7/11 (7 coupons). Postage, 6½d. extra.

Needlework Notions

No. 668.—SMALL BOY'S SUIT IN BRITISH COTTON.

With the pattern traced clearly on a hard-wearing British cotton in shades of lemon, blue, pink, or green, this little suit comes ready for you to cut out and make up. Full instructions given.

It has a double-breasted shirt, turn-back collar, and short, set-in sleeves. Trousers are tailored and each pocket is trimmed with embroidery design for working.

Sizes 1 to 2 years, 10/6 (3 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 10/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 11/6 (4 coupons). Postage, 5½d. extra.



MORNING WEDDING at "Shore" chapel for Sister Kathleen Blake, A.A.N.S., one of the nurses rescued from Sumatra, and Lieut. Keith Dixon (A.I.F., ret.). Bride is third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Blake, of Lindfield.



HAPPY COUPLE. Lieut. Ron Warr-Easton, ex-P.O.W., and fiancée attractive Betty Gilling lunch in town together. Betty and Ron plan marriage early in New Year. Betty sailed as V.I. on hospital ship, and Ron, who had arrived back from Japanese prison camp, was waiting for Betty to come "home from Tokio," reversing the usual order.



CANDID CAMERA shot of Lieut. Tim Osborn and his wife, Betty, as they lunch in town when Tim comes on leave. Couple plan to spend holiday at Canberra, where Betty's sister June (Mrs. Cline Osborn) has her home.



BALLERINA Laurel Martyn weds ex-P.O.W. Lieut. Lloyd Lawton, of Brisbane, at Christ Church, South Yarra, Melbourne. Laurel, who is daughter of late Mr. Ernest A. Gill, and of Mrs. Gill, of Glenmore, Queensland, dances with Borovansky ballet.

Intimate Greetings

PALATIAL American Legation residence in Canberra, built toward the end of the Nelson T. Johnsons' term of office in Australia, will be scene of wedding reception when American Foreign Service clerk Carolyn Monahan marries Lieut. Gerald Kent, R.N.V.R., in January.

It will be first time wedding reception has been held in the Residence, and first time American girl in foreign service in Canberra has married during her term of office. Continuing a little further with the "first times," feel it is also a pretty sure bet that this is the first time an R.N.V.R. officer has married in Australia, an American girl, and probably the first Anglo-American wartime romance ever to have started in Australia.



RETURNED FROM HONEYMOON. Frank Masterton, of New Farm, Queensland, and his bride, formerly Hazel Larking, celebrate at Prince's when they return from honeymoon at Narooma. Hazel's sister, Mavis Larking (third from left), and P.O. D. Wyatt, also in party.



INTERESTING PICTURE of the Filipino Y.W.C.A. delegates, Mrs. Josefa Martiney, Mrs. Angela Ramos, and Mrs. Pas Cuenpocruz, who wore their national dress when they lunched at Prince's with Mrs. G. L. Killen. Delegates passed through Sydney on their way home from Y.W.C.A. conference.

THE six o'clock party at Pickwick Club to announce Mary Dixon's engagement to Sydney barrister Ivan C. Black is highlight of my week's social engagements. Mary, who is only daughter of the Robert C. Dixon, of Elwatan, Castle Hill, is wearing beautiful solitaire ring which she and fiancé had time to choose in between Ivan's rather hectic electioneering campaign. He is Liberal Party's candidate for seat at Neutral Bay. Mary tells me that she and Ivan only met about month ago, when he returned from England after war service. Marriage is planned for March or April in church at Castle Hill and reception will take place at Elwatan.

FAMILY party for the newlywed Mac Wheatleys at Vere Mathew's. Their wedding recently took place in Perth and they spend their honeymoon at Hotel Metropole before leaving for Mac's station home, Mulgutherie, Condobolin. He has just been discharged from A.I.F. after four years' service. His wife, whose home was in York, W.A., is looking forward to country life in N.S.W.

BY the way, the pre-wedding luncheon party that Margaret Taylor gave in honor of her cousin, the former Barbara Knight, to celebrate Barbara's wedding to Dr. John Laycock, of Sydney Hospital, was held at Vere Mathew's and not at Romano's as I said last week. Sorry.

DECORATIVE lasses from Adelaide are Joan Grashy and Juliet O'Dea, who take the Jo Carrolls' house at Palm Beach for ten days' sunshine and surfing.



CUTTING THE CAKE. P/Lt. Denis Baker, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Rachel Storey, third daughter of the David Storeys, of Woollahra, cut their wedding cake at reception which follows ceremony at All Saints' Church, Woollahra.

FLOWERY gesture on part of Burwood A.C.F. branch, when men members present a budding hydra-gea in pot to each of 150 women members of the Women's Auxiliary. President Mrs. W. J. Hull tells me that presentation is made at farewell party when branch affairs are wound up. During five years the women have raised £9000, and sent 13,000 articles to Comforts Fund.

LETTER from Mrs. I. Lake, of Wollstonecraft, from her daughter, Norma, announces that she has been asked to do model work at San Francisco store of exclusive I. Martin's. Norma left Sydney some time ago to join her husband, Jerry de Vries, now discharged from U.S. Army. They have made their home at San Raphael.

FEEL as sorry as youthful members of Younger Set to say goodbye to their Arrows Club at final party on Sunday night. President Betty Dean tells me that during club's wartime existence at Edgecliff, 3000 servicegirls have stayed there, and 5000 have attended monthly parties which are famed for unusual decor and party ideas.



AFTER CEREMONY. F/O. Anthony Rodwell Green, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Marjorie Naish, second daughter of the late Albert Naish, and of Mrs. Naish, of Wollstonecraft, leaving St. Mary's, North Sydney.

This Christmas

GIVE

KAYSER

HOSIERY . LINGERIE . GLOVES

RIGHT. No. 701, Nightgown, softly gathered bodice with shaped waistband, full skirt and deep V-Neck, neck and sleeves edged with loom lace.

LEFT. No. 570, Tailored form-fitting slip featuring double-uplift brassiere



901 X. KAYSER sheer hosiery of exquisite beauty and faultless fit.



Show yourself in true colours

Add new colour to your existing wardrobe and your kiddies' clothes . . . revitalise last season's coats and frocks with PRINCESS DYES. You can dye any fabrics safely, in the same bath, whether they be cotton, wool, linen, rayon or silk. It's so delightfully easy, too—either as a cold water tint or hot water dye—and you are assured of bright rich tones WITHOUT FAILURES. As all the necessities are in the PRINCESS packet, no salt or vinegar has to be added.

PRINCESS DYES will brighten your curtains and furnishings too!

DOUBLE SIZE PACKET . . . 1/-



PRINCESS DYES

FAST IN THE TROPICS
FAST EVERYWHERE

Ask to see the PRINCESS Colour Card

1.5

CAN YOU DATE THIS

Swim Suit?

FILL IN DATE

19--

THEN READ BELOW

WOMEN AT WORK, women at home, in war plants, in the Services . . . working for Victory. The freedom of brassiere swim suits for playtime. Far more active, yet far more comfortable for to-day's Kotex provides every worthwhile feature. Kotex is made to stay soft while soaking. And no wrong side to cause accidents!



Wait for Me, Mary

Continued from page 5

IN the afternoon, however, Saidee got to work again, arranging a swimming party. Somehow she managed it, Mary was never quite sure how, but in dismay she found herself trotting obediently along with Henry and Christie Ross and her silent husband, Ralph, to swim in the safe part of the lake, where it was free from reeds.

They reached the end of the lake where the water was clear and inviting. Mary plunged in, swimming a few yards and then returning to the bank to splash round, noting ruefully that her wind was not what it used to be. She thought of Steve, pulling off her cap and sitting on the grass. He was nice; nicer than any man she'd known since . . . well, in a long time. She knew he liked her. They'd talked during the morning and she knew . . . well, a woman always knows the way a man looks at her. Then Saidee had to spoil it with her ridiculous schemes.

It was too bad for Henry that he chose the precise moment that this little spurt of resentment attacked Mary to kiss the cheek she offered so temptingly—to the sun, not Henry.

Normally Mary would have rebuffed him with ironic composure, but to-day her temper suddenly snapped. She sprang to her feet with an angry "Don't you dare!"

"Why, darling, did I frighten you?" he said. "You look like a startled nymph. Don't run away and leave me," he added, gazing at her pathetically.

But Mary was going—she was gone almost before he finished speaking, seizing her cloak and sandals and rushing off through the trees like the frightened dryad he had compared her to.

Feeling faintly ridiculous once having escaped, Mary sat down to review the position, and realised that her coyness had called forth a situation, and Mary abhorred "situations."

"Confound me for a fool!" she said aloud.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," an amused voice said mildly, and she looked round, startled.

Steve lay prone, his hands propped lightly behind his head, on a strip of bright green grass a few feet from the rock on which Mary was leaning. He patted the turf beside him and smiled lazily.

"Come and sit down," he invited, "and tell me why you should be so confounded."

Mary looked sheepish, but she sat down. "How did you escape?" she asked.

Steve grinned. "Easy—I've been escaping Saidee all my life. If you recall we grew up together, the three of us. Saidee, of course, was marked down for Jim from the time we could walk, but that didn't stop her wanting to manage me, too. The difference between Jim and myself is that he likes to be bossed and I don't. So Jim married Saidee and I . . . escaped."

"I see."

"And you? You're escaping—Mr. Livingston, I presume?"

Mary flushed, met Steve's eyes and laughed. "I am! I suppose you realise . . ."

"That you're the innocent victim of one more of Saidee's schemes. Certainly I do. She told me all about it and warned me off."

"Warned you!"

"Yes, my dear—warned me. Look, Mary Saxon: you're not the bitter, unhappy person my sister-in-law would have you be. Will you tell me the truth?"

"Why?" she asked quietly, measuring him with steady eyes.

He answered the look. "Because I want to know—for my sake."

She looked away and was silent, then began to speak in a low voice. "You've been told I was married to a philanderer, a Don Juan who made me unhappy, who went to the war and died heroically, leaving me a legacy of a medal and a reputation to uphold. You've had me painted as a sort of widowed martyr. None of that is true."

"I let them say it. Why not? It saved me talking about it, about anything, and Rod would have laughed at them. They thought his death was a release for me, and cursed his heroism because it put a

charge on me. You can't speak evil of one of the nation's heroes."

"Rod was never anything worse than susceptible to a pretty face. He was never what you would call unfaithful to me. I knew that always, and he knew I knew it." Mary's face softened into a smile. "People called him a Don Juan, but had they known it he was only a Don Quixote and every pretty woman a Dulcinea for whom he'd find a windmill to fight. But his love for me was no mere illusion, and he made me very happy."

"I loved him. The last thing he said to me was, 'Wait for me, Mary' . . . I knew that I didn't have to make any vows about that. I was helpless to love anyone but Rod. So naturally I waited. I was his wife."

She stopped, and Steve watched her for a moment before he said, "And then?"

"And then he was killed. I can imagine just how he died, storming that post in a crazy, foolhardy, one-man attack—only that time his giants were real and not windmills. You can imagine how I felt. I shan't go into the gruesome details, but I don't know which was the worse: the people who believed in my sorrow without really knowing, or those who thought they knew the truth and talked among themselves about 'Poor Mary; now she'll be bound to him by a false memory.'"

"I was only 23 when Rod died. They let me be for a couple of years and then they started the campaigns. One man, then another. First it hurt terribly. Then, gradually, I began to realise that while I loved Rod's memory, I was still young enough to have cared, had any of them been right for me. But they were all wrong. If only one little bit of Rod had showed in any of them . . ."

"Wait for me, Mary . . ." said Steve softly.

"Yes!" she answered defiantly, as though fearing his ridicule. "I have thought that. I've thought that is what Rod would have meant had he known he was going to die. He always said that the right person brought out the love that was ready and waiting in everyone. So I knew that I had to wait for Rod to come back in someone else, someone different to Rod, of course, but with that something for me in them, something to touch my heart again. No makeshifts."

They both sat quietly for a while, Steve sitting up now with his legs hunched, hugging his knees. Mary watched him, wondering what he would say. He had not asked idly for her story. They said he was irresponsible, but to her he seemed to have a steadiness she thought must come from inner integrity—self-respect, perhaps.

When he looked at her it was with a lopsided grin, but his eyes were tender. "Mary," he said.

"Yes, Steve."

"I'm not handy with windmills."

Mary laughed. "I'm a lot older than I was, Steve."

"Then you wouldn't object to a husband who had eyes only for you? That's my form of romanticism, Mary. That's the ideal that's kept me unmarried. I wanted just one woman, when I made up my mind."

"Steve—wait until you know me better before you say all that, please! There's plenty of time to make up your mind."

"I've been making up my mind for 31 years, my sweet. If I'd been a precipitate fellow, I'd have been married long ago. It had to be you, Mary." He stood up, pulling her with him so that they stood facing each other. Then he tilted her chin till her eyes met his. "And you know it, don't you?"

Mary felt her heart leap. This was what she'd been waiting for, this old sureness, this challenge. She lifted her mouth. "Yes, Steve. I know it, too."

Everyone was very glad for Mary's sake, but they did think she'd probably live to be sorry, because of course Steve Bristow had never been reliable, always racing round the globe, never settling down . . .

Saidee was delighted. She said she organised it.

(Copyright)

ODORONO PROTECTS YOUR CHARM



Don't let perspiration odour mar your precious dance time. Odorono safely checks perspiration for 1-3 days, and thus assures your personal freshness, and saves the charm of your dance frocks.

Odorono, tried and proved, the famous stand-by of well-groomed women everywhere. Used and recommended by physicians.



Liquid Odorono safe and easy
Odorono Cream quick and easy to use



Guard Her Health

Health begins in childhood—and so, often, does constipation. You can keep your children free from constipation with Nyal Figsen, the gentle laxative. Children like Nyal Figsen. It is easy and pleasant to take—can be chewed like a lolly. Nyal Figsen acts mildly yet thoroughly—without pain or discomfort. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

Itch Germs Cause Killed in 3 Days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible Itching, Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Foot Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germ quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

Nixoderm 2/- 84/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch

Cleopatra *had nothing on me*



THE PROVED PALMOLIVE PLAN FOR A LOVELIER SKIN

Legend tells us that the secret of Cleo's disturbing loveliness was daily massage with gentle Olive and Palm Oils. Palmolive's fragrant cake, with its olive colour, is made with these same cherished oils. A two-minute facial with Palmolive tops off the beauty care of the modern lass. Palmolive's lather, smooth as silk-and-cream, cleanses the skin thoroughly... helps to waken it to lovely radiance.

Then a quick, cool rinse and she's ready to face the world with the same conquering beauty that made Cleo irresistible. Cleo and millions of lovely women just can't be wrong!



PALMOLIVE

2/799

Kidney Trouble and Backache Gone in 1 Week

Flush Kidneys With Cystex and You'll Feel Fine

Cystex—the prescription of a famous doctor—improves faulty kidney action in double quick time, so, if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Cries under Eyes, frequent Headaches and Colds, Poor Energy and Appetite, Fatty Acids or Interrupted Sleep, go to your chemist to-day for Cystex.

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

The Cystex treatment is highly scientific, being specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and to remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harsh, harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in these 3 ways to end your troubles—

- (1) Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and urinary system in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
- (2) Gets rid of health-threatening, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
- (3) Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects you from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter, organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Feels a Different Woman

"I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble, and it has made a different woman of me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about, and walk miles although I am 43 years of age. Cystex does all you claim for it."—(Inq'd.) M. L. Benson, Thompson Estate, Brisbane, N.S.W.

New Able to Walk Without Stick

"I had Kidney and Bladder complaint, pain in leg and back; in fact, I had to use a walking stick. I have used two bottles of Cystex, now I have no pain anywhere. I consider Cystex the greatest medicine in the world for Kidney complaint."—(Inq'd.) J. McPherson, Mungah Road, Station, N.S.W.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! New in 2 sizes—6/- and 12/-.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

LAWRENCE LEONG
Ph.C. (Singapore), M.P.S. (Sydney), F.C.S. (London)

CHINESE HERBALIST
LEADING IN AUSTRALIA

CHALLIS HOUSE, MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY
Telephone B2923

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



One Year Later

Continued from page 9

BECAUSE, if it wasn't Stephen Farraday, it must be Anthony Browne. And Iris didn't want it to be Anthony Browne.

True, he'd be very much Rosemary's slave, constantly at her beck and call, his dark, good-looking face expressing a kind of humorous desperation.

But surely that devotion had been too open, too freely declared to go really deep?

Odd the way he had disappeared after Rosemary's death. They had none of them seen him since. Still, not so odd, really. He was a man who travelled a lot. He had talked about the Argentine and Canada, and Uganda, and the U.S.A. She had an idea that he was actually an American or a Canadian, though he had hardly any accent. No, it wasn't really strange that they shouldn't have seen anything of him since. It was Rosemary who had been his friend. There was no reason why he should go on coming to see the rest of them.

He had been Rosemary's friend.

But nothing more.

She didn't want him to have been anything more. That would hurt—that would hurt terribly.

She looked down at the letter in her hand. She crumpled it up. She'd throw it away, burn it. It was sheer instinct that stopped her. Some day it might be important to produce that letter. She smoothed it out, took it down with her, and locked it away in her jewel-case.

So much for the discovery in the attic. What was the next thing?

Surely the increasingly odd behaviour of George. That dated back for a long time. Little things that had puzzled her became clear now

in the light of the surprising interview last night. Disconnected remarks and actions took their proper place in the course of events.

And there was the reappearance of Anthony Browne. Yes, perhaps that ought to come next in sequence, since it had followed the finding of the letter by just one week.

Iris could recall her sensations exactly. Rosemary had died in November. In the following May, Iris, under the wing of Lucilla Drake, had started her young girl's social life. She had gone to luncheons and teas and dances without, however, enjoying them very much. She had felt listless and unsatisfied. It was at a somewhat dull dance toward the end of June that she heard a voice say behind her, "It is Iris Marle, isn't it?"

She had turned, flushing, to look into Anthony's—Tony's—dark and quizzical face.

He said, "I don't expect you remember me, but—"

She interrupted, "Oh, but I do remember you! Of course I do!"

"Splendid. I was afraid you'd have forgotten me. It's such a long time since I saw you."

"I know. Not since Rosemary's birthday par—"

She stopped. The words had come gaily, unthinkingly, to her lips. Now the color rushed away from her cheeks, leaving them white and drained of blood. Her lips quivered.

Anthony Browne said quickly, "I'm terribly sorry. I'm a brute to have reminded you."

Iris swallowed. She said, "It's all right."

Anthony Browne said again, "I'm terribly sorry. Please forgive me. Shall we dance?"

She nodded. Although already engaged for the dance that was just beginning, she had floated on to the floor in his arms. She saw her partner, a blushing, immature young man whose collar seemed too big for him, peering about for her. The sort of partner, she thought scornfully, that debs have to put up with. Not like this man, Rosemary's friend.

A sharp pang went through her, Rosemary's friend. That letter. Had it been written to this man as she was dancing with now? Something in the easy feline grace with which he danced lent substance to the nickname "Leopard." Had he and Rosemary—

She said sharply, "Where have you been all this time?"

He held her a little away from him, looking down into her face. He was unsmiling now, his voice held coldness. "I've been travelling on business."

"I see." She went on uncontrolably, "Why have you come back?"

He smiled then. He said lightly, "Perhaps to see you, Iris Marle."

And suddenly gathering her up a little closer, he executed a long, daring glide through the dancers, a miracle of timing and steering. Iris wondered why, with a sensation that was almost wholly pleasure, she should feel afraid.

Since then, Anthony had definitely become part of her life. She saw him at least once a week. She met him in the park, at various dances, found him put next to her at dinner. The only place he never came to was the house in Elvaston Square. It was some time before she noticed this, so adroitly did he manage to evade or refuse invitations there. When she did realise it, she began to wonder why. Was it because he and Rosemary—

Then, to her astonishment, George, easy-going, non-interfering George, spoke to her about him. "Who's this fellow, Anthony Browne, you're going about with? What do you know about him?"

She stared at him. "Know about him? Why, he was a friend of Rosemary's!"

George's face twitched. He blinked. He said in a dull, heavy voice. "Yes, of course; so he was."

Iris cried remorsefully, "I'm sorry! I shouldn't have reminded you."

George Barton shook his head. He said gently, "No, no. I don't want her forgotten. Never that. After all," he spoke awkwardly, his eyes averted, "that's what her name means. Rosemary—remembrance." He looked full at her. "I don't want you to forget your sister, Iris."

She caught her breath. "I never shall."

George went on, "But about this young fellow, Anthony Browne. Rosemary may have liked him, but I don't believe she knew much about him. You see, you've got to be careful, Iris. You're a very rich young woman."

A kind of burning anger swept over her. "Tony—Anthony—has plenty of money himself."

George Barton smiled a little. He murmured, "All the same, my dear, nobody seems to know much about the fellow."

"He's an American."

"Perhaps. If so, it's odd he isn't sponsored more by his own embassy. He doesn't come much to this house, does he?"

"No. And I can see why, if you're so horrid about him!"

George shook his head. "Seem to have put my foot in it. Oh, well. Only wanted to give you a timely warning. I'll have a word with Lucilla."

"Lucilla!" said Iris scornfully.

George said anxiously, "Is everything all right? I mean, does Lucilla see to it that you get the sort of time you ought to have? Parties, all that sort of thing?"

"Yes, indeed. She works like a beaver."

"Because, if not, you've only got to say, you know. We could get someone else. Someone younger and more up to date. I want you to enjoy yourself."

"I do, George. Oh, George, I do." He said rather heavily, "Then that's all right. I'm not much hand at these shows myself—never was. But see to it you get everything you want. There's no need to stint expense."

That was George all over—kind, awkward, blundering.

Please turn to page 36

THE CLOSE-UP THAT SHOWS UP YOUR TEETH!



A sparkling smile... a fresh sweet breath... that's the winning combination for a close up, and that's what Listerine Tooth Paste gives you. See for yourself what a quick, thorough cleaning and polishing job this special dental formula does for your teeth.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Drink Craving Destroyed

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrasy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 80 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Pooled in plain wrapper.

Price 20/- Full Course
Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.



My star dust melody
... memory of loves re-frain.



A CREATION
OF
SILVO PERFUMERY
COMPANY



Stardust Bouquet
EAU DE COLOGNE

AVAILABLE IN 4 SIZES 2 oz., 4 oz., 10 oz., 20 oz. AT LEADING STORES AND CHEMISTS.

Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No drugs, no smoke, no infectious atomizer. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but holds the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

RELIEVES ASTHMA

Mendaco

Now in 2 sizes... 6/- and 12/-.

British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC

THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS



What's on your mind?

More suits for men instead of swim suits

MANY discharged servicemen in search of civilian clothes are sent away from the shops disappointed. They are told that shortage of manpower is responsible for lack of stocks.

There seems to be no lack of manpower for making the abundance of beachwear featured in the majority of shops over the last three months.

Only a small section of the community is interested in beachwear, and many women are able to make these simple garments at home.

Confidence which many men will need on their return to civilian life is inspired by a well-made new suit. Couldn't some factories concentrate solely on outfits for the returned men?

1/- to Mrs. C. Barberie, Cobbitty Rd., Cobbitty, N.S.W.

Readers are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 50 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Save shopper's time

WHY do large city and suburban stores display goods in their windows when they may have little or no stock in those particular lines?

It is a nuisance for busy shoppers, who waste valuable time, and for the tired, much-questioned assistant.

5/- to Mrs. M. A. Mitchell, "Karreena," Cattai Rd., Cattai, N.S.W.

Two suggestions

MANUFACTURERS of women's clothes would do well to make "extras" of certain goods so that women can obtain maximum of wear from their clothing.

Very few skirts stand up to wear as long as coats, so why not make an extra skirt with each suit? If stockings were sold in threes, when one laddered there would still be a pair.

5/- to Mrs. S. E. Brownlow, "Bassett," Vermont St., Sutherland, N.S.W.

Children can assist

THERE are many complaints about the scarcity and high price of fruit and vegetables.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to encourage more gardening at home and at country schools? This hobby would be as beneficial as sport for children's health. Growing fruit and vegetables, which are vital for children's diet, and flowers to beautify the home would bring them a lot of pleasure.

5/- to R. Lakin, 70 Buller St., Parramatta North, N.S.W.

Women's rights

A SECTION of the community is clamoring for better working conditions and shorter hours, but mothers, whose requests are few, are rarely granted a hearing.

It is time they banded together and demanded better conditions. These would include baby creches, kindergartens, health clinics, improved maternity hospitals, more prenatal and post-natal clinics, better housing and modern labor-saving facilities. These things should be made available to all women, not to a privileged few.

5/- to "Rose A Lee," Williewa St., Portland, N.S.W.

Realistic thinking

A NOTED psychiatrist believes we should not teach children to believe in Father Christmas. Such a belief, he says, warps the mind, and prevents "realistic thinking," which is necessary in this atomic age.

If we deprive children of one of their greatest pleasures, shouldn't we also abolish all fairy stories, the greater part of our literature, art, and music; in fact, everything that stimulates the imagination?

5/- to Miss N. Rattue, Box 31, Lalbert, Victoria.

Ask permission

SHOULD female smokers have separate travelling accommodation, was the controversial point raised by C. A. Arnold (10/11/45).

There are still old-fashioned women who prefer to travel in comfort, and not to be asphyxiated by cigarette smoke. Women smokers are notoriously selfish, and puff away in public without a thought for the comfort of fellow travellers. Men usually ask permission before they light their pipe or cigarette.

5/- to Mrs. E. Edwards, Cliff St., Belmont, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

Australia praised

AUSTRALIA, despite high taxes and strikes, is still one of the most pleasant, best fed countries in the world to-day, with a comparatively high housing standard and low living costs. We should be more proud of this.

If a few disgruntled and critical Australians were to travel round more, they'd realise what a great country this is.

Fifty Australian widows and divorcees are back from America, and glad to be home.

5/- to S/A. K. J. King, H.M.A.S. Bungee, c/o G.P.O.



THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"How 'bout it, Mr. Johnson? Couldn't we skip the formalities, and make this kid a member of our troop right here and now?"

More publicity needed

IT is deplorable that much publicised American novels should be in far greater demand in Australia than our own equally good literature.

"The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," for instance, is a superior book to "Gone With the Wind," but the number of Australians who have read the former is small in proportion to those who have read "Gone With the Wind," which is a household word.

We do not give Australian novels the publicity they need and deserve.

5/- to Lynette Anderson, Box 167, Bundaberg, Queensland.

Abolish means test

THE means test should be abolished in relation to the old-age pension.

Men and women workers who have put a little away toward security and comfort in their old age discover that if they have saved more than a certain amount by the time they reach the age of 60 (women) and 65 (men) they forfeit their claim to the old-age pension. This is particularly hard on the woman worker, especially if she is a spinster.

Many, who have been thrifty feel they have the same right to the pension as those who have spent their money haphazardly and saved nothing.

5/- to Mrs. R. Heath, 65 Bondsmeadow Rd., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Break away

VIEWS expressed by LAC Sawyer (10/11/45) regarding men wearing shorts were very interesting.

I have always been surprised at the lack of commonsense shown by men in their choice of summer clothes. Now is an excellent time to break away from the old tradition. When a few men commence wearing shorts in summer there will be many who will be only too pleased to follow their example.

5/- to Mrs. R. Young, 25 Elizabeth St., Elsternwick, Vic.



TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY



Yes, CRAVEN'S have a real touch of quality!

Obtainable in 10's & 20's



MADE ESPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

A JASON STROP FOR XMAS

... A MAN'S DREAM



JASON gives 50 BETTER shaves from every blade

Every Safety Razor user longs for a JASON Strop... make his wish come true this Xmas!

3/6 EVERYWHERE

JASON STROP



AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU !

Irresistible charm, high-toned poise, stateliness . . .

. . . these delightful qualities of women of fashion are founded on *confidence*! You can have every

confidence in taking *genuine Vincent's A.P.C.*

Powders and Tablets for safe, sure relief from

Summer Headaches, Heat Exhaustion, that tired, listless

feeling and all nerve and muscular pain! *Vincent's A.P.C.*

is the *only* A.P.C. prepared to the original hospital prescription, and it is the best that science can produce! *Always insist on Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powders or Tablets*, then you can be sure you are getting the A.P.C. made to the same therapeutic formula as first used by the Medical Superintendent of one of Australia's largest public hospitals.



TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C. WITH CONFIDENCE

For SUMMER HEADACHES, HEAT EXHAUSTION, LISTLESSNESS
NERVE & MUSCULAR PAINS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA

Genuine
VINCENT'S
A.P.C.
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"

IN VICTORIA
STH. AUST. & TASMANIA
Ask your Chemist for Vincent's Powders & Tablets



RUSTIC STONE BRIDGE and crazy-paved hilly walk, flanked by masses of blue aubretias, white Arabis, and cleverly planted shrubbery and trees.



OLD ENGLISH CHARM. Ard-Rudah (Guelic for Red Hill), Mount Macedon, Victoria, showing the beautiful terraces and the background of English trees.

LITTLE BIT OF OLD ENGLAND

● About forty miles from Melbourne there's an English-style garden that provides a feast for the eyes of all who see it.

— says OUR HOME GARDENER

THIS 18-acre garden surrounds the mountain home of Mr. Chris Cowper, one of Melbourne's leading architects. It is situated at Mount Macedon, 2000ft. above sea-level.

The site was originally chosen by Professor Strong, and most of the deciduous trees growing there were chosen for him by the late Baron Von Mueller, famous botanist.

When I visited this garden

recently the English trees were just budding, but I saw sufficient to visualise just how fine the 18 acres of evergreens, yellows, grey-greens, and greens of all shades would look when at their best.

In every direction oaks, elms, birches, beeches, larches, maples, poplars, cedars, ashes, hollies, dogwoods, arbutus, and bays had been planted where they would show to their best advantage as to shape, color, and size.

Giant red and pink rhododendrons in full bloom were thrown into relief by masses of white camellias, while catkin-bearing trees and Japanese maples played their part in the spring pageant with dainty yellows and bright red foliage.

The lovely rockeries and hilly walks were flanked by masses of white Arabis, blue aubretias, and dense, compact stretches of Summer Snow or Cerastiums.

Great banks of English primroses, yellow, pink, red, and blue, rubbed elbows with canary-yellow polyanthus, and vivid splashes of deep blue grape-hyacinths.

Between the crevices of crazy paving, primroses, double English daisies decked out in their best frocks of red and white were growing profusely, while tulips were just starting to show their lovely colored cups.

A gurgling stream tumbled noisily from the hill above, the banks being carpeted with millions of ferns and lily of the valley, snowdrops, arum lilies, and snow-white anemones.

Preessias scented the air, and great patches of nodding daffodils grew naturally in the lush green grass. Hellebores peeped from beneath their foliage, and masses of pale blue forget-me-nots contrasted strongly with rows of deep blue gentians in the borders.

Paths, edged with thousands of irises, gave promise of a gloriously colored to-morrow, fronted by lithospermums, silenes, and crocuses.

Sweeping lawns flanked by huge azaleas, spiraeas, big rosebeds, masses of delphiniums (still asleep), and lilies which were just peeping through the red soil provided a vista which was breath-taking in its English beauty.



ROADSIDE PLANTINGS OF IRISES with a primrose ditch at foot, thrown into strong relief by hundreds of lovely shrubs and trees.

Everything was arranged with taste, with that careful appreciation of design which aids Nature, and supports her in her finest efforts.

I would like to visit this garden when autumn paints the landscape with every conceivable foliage tint provided by the lovely trees.

YOU CAN WIN PRIZES

The prizes of life — happiness, friends, romance, comfort, and congenial, well-paid employment are awarded to men and women who keep fit, confident, and efficient. Tiredness, depression, that worn-out feeling caused by strain, overwork, and worry, will handicap you from the jump.

If work and worry are getting you down, it's time you had a fast-acting tonic that will rally you at once and build up your health quickly and surely. You need WINCARNIS, the "No-Waiting Tonic". The very first glass makes you feel better. It fortifies the brain and nerves. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men testify to its value. WINCARNIS is blended from choice wines and contains two essential fortifying vitamins. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. WINCARNIS will soon put you on the road to health.

We need a wider plan for T.B.

By MEDICO

MRS. WILLIAMS had been fighting a losing battle for the past three years. Her husband had developed T.B. while their family was still young.

The invalid pension he received was quite inadequate for the needs of the family; so Mrs. Williams had worked to earn more money, as well as nursing her husband and being a mother to her three children. She

had become thin and worn and an easy prey for the T.B. germ herself.

"Even if I get the pension, too, it won't be enough to provide for us. We'll have to move into a smaller house if we can get one. Is there any hope of the pension being increased?" asked Mrs. Williams.

"The problem of T.B. will not be solved by bigger and better pensions," I replied. "We are taking T.B. much too cheaply in Australia."

"Well, how should a problem like ours be tackled?" she asked.

"Besides the purely medical aspects of T.B., such as early diagnosis, artificial rest to the affected lung, and chest surgery, there is a difficult economic problem to be solved," I replied. "T.B. is not an individual matter. It is a family problem, as you realise now only too well."

"Treatment of T.B. must mean not only rest and good nourishment; it requires the development of a community in which the T.B. sufferer can earn a livelihood within his powers. His children can be educated, and the whole family taught to prevent the spread of the infection, and given the right environment to do so."

"Quite a successful settlement has been working at Papworth, near Cambridge, in England. The principle is that the industries established there exist for the benefit of the workers. There is healthy and stimulating competition with each other for promotion to higher positions; there is no soul-destroying charity, but the members of the settlement are protected from the unjust competition of the healthy."

"A village settlement not only

solves such problems as yours; it offers the chief hope of breaking the vicious circle whereby T.B. is spread through families and congested areas. A village settlement needs a partnership of medical science and economics."

And then with an inward sigh, I prescribed for Mrs. Williams the usual treatment, coupled with the usual advice, spiced with customary warnings to just another victim of T.B.

WE LOOK SMARTER
AND
last longer with
Shu-Milk

CUTEX
MANICURE

Owing to war conditions there is a shortage of Cutex. Keep the neck of the bottle free of polish and the cap screwed down tightly to make the polish last longer.

CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

- EASIEST TO USE
- WEARS LONGEST
- MOST FASHIONABLE SHADES
- MOST ECONOMICAL
- WILL NOT CHIP OR PEEL

DRY-DOWNE
CRIB SHEETS

SMART INFANT
ACCESSORIES

**VICTORY FASHIONS FOR
BRIGHT YOUNG FOLK**

Thousands of bright young folk are waiting for Victory to bring them "Kleinerts" Waterproof panties... the most comfortable and sanitary baby pants. Limited quantities available.

Kleinerts
WATERPROOF ACCESSORIES

THEO H. LEVY PTY LTD Australian Representatives

This Happy Christmas

VICTORY is ours . . . Our gallant sons are returning to share with their loved ones the joys of a Christmas freed from the dark shadow of war. . . . May this calm Yuletide mark the dawn of an age when "Peace on earth, goodwill to all men" is a humble prayer answered in its glorious full.



● IN this happier peacetime Christmas, Swallow & Ariell's celebrated Plum Puddings will again appear on many Christmas Dinner tables throughout Australia. Supplies are still limited, but the lessening demand for Service comforts is releasing more and more Swallow & Ariell delicacies for home consumption. Next year we hope there'll be plenty for everyone. . . . made to the original Old English recipe which has made Swallow & Ariell's Plum Puddings world-renowned for more than 70 years.

SWALLOW & ARIELL
LIMITED

Makers also of Swallow & Ariell Biscuits, Cakes and Ice Cream





CHRISTMAS SALAD PLATTER of roast chicken, bread seasoning, iced melon, minted new potatoes, tomato stars, and greens . . . delectable party food for hot Christmas.

FOR Christmas Day

THESE menus are for the main meal. They are cold, so that Christmas Day can be a day without work, a high day and holiday for every member of the household.

Christmas Eve is the busy day . . . cooking the bird, roasting the joint, baking the ham . . . setting the sweets and sorting the salads. Cakes, cookies, and mince-pies can be made a week or more earlier.

The main meal is traditionally midday. If served at night, serve only a simple sandwich luncheon: iced tomato juice, sandwiches with finger salads, fruit cake in inch cubes, or mince-pies with iced coffee or lemon tea.

It's a budget-straining day, but it's fun, and very good for the soul.

Happy Christmas to each one of you!

Stuffed Egg Appetisers
Chicken Salad
Bread Seasoning
Dressed New Potatoes
Iced Melon Tomato Stars
Salad Greens
Plum Pudding with Ice-cream
Minted Pineapple Cup
Coffee.

● Very special dishes planned for a very special Christmas . . . all cold foods, colorful, delicious, festive for a midsummer day.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

Stuffed Egg Appetisers: Boil eggs, allowing at least 1 per person. Slice in half and pound yolks with various seasonings such as minced ham or cooked fish or creamed potato with chives, moistening as required with milk or salad dressing. Pile mixture back into egg-white cases, dust with parsley or paprika, and serve cold with salad snippets. Serve this platter away from the table with tomato juice or fruit-juice cocktails.

Chicken Salad: Choose a fowl about 5 lb. in weight, and steam before browning in oven or pan. Dress bird, seasoning inside and out with pepper and salt. Place an onion and small bouquet garni in cavity and tie into shape. Wrap in floured cloth and steam, breast up, in closely covered pan for 2 to 3 hours. Brown in hot oven, basting frequently with hot fat. Bread seasoning may be cooked in separate pan.

For dressed new potatoes choose potatoes of even size, scrub, and boil in jackets. Remove jackets and

toss in salad oil and chopped parsley, mint, or chives.

Chill melon whole, peel, and remove seeds and dice or scoop with melon ball scoop. Season with lemon juice or sherry.

Plum Pudding, with ice-cream, may be steamed and then sliced, or may be sliced when cold and fried and then topped with ice-cream. Recipes for rich puddings have been given recently on this page. Here is a delicious economy one:

Mother Hubbard Christmas Pudding: Beat 2oz. dripping with 2oz. brown sugar and 2 tablespoons orange marmalade to smooth cream. Beat in 1 egg and then add about 1 cup mixed fruit. Stir in 4oz. plain flour, sifted with ½ teaspoon spice and ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in ½ cup milk. Add sterilised Christmas pudding tokens and steam in a greased covered basin 1½ hours. Serve freshly made. For four.

Minted Pineapple Cup: Place pine-

apple peelings and core in pan with 1½ cups sugar and 5 cups water. Cover, simmer gently for 1 hour. Strain, add juice of 1 lemon or orange, and chill. Dilute and sweeten further to taste. Add mint leaves and few cherries and pieces of diced pineapple before serving.

Prawns and Iced Tomato Slices
Roast Veal Salad
Bacon Force-meat Rolls
Minted Eggs Russian Salad
Pickled Peaches
Tossed Green Salad
Chocolate Mousse à la Noël with Ginger Snaps

Fruit Cup **Coffee**

Prawns and Iced Tomato Slices: Shell cooked prawns and chill. Chill tomatoes whole. Slice tomatoes, season if liked with a sprinkling of vinegar or dry sherry, and with pepper and salt. Arrange tomatoes on individual dishes. Dip prawns in a dressing of salad oil, vinegar, and herbs, or in a creamy mayonnaise. Pile prawns in individual salad dishes and dust with powdered parsley or paprika. Garnish with parsley and serve with water-thin rolled brown bread and butter.

Roast Veal Salad: Meat for the roast of veal may be rolled rump, loin ribs left in half saddle or shaped into crown; leg or shoulder, with bone or boned and rolled. If stuffing, use a bread-and-sausage forcemeat. Bake in a very slow oven (300deg. F.) allowing about 40 minutes per lb. This meat is excellent for salads.

Choose thinly sliced bacon rashers for the salad rolls. Remove rind, spread with bread seasoning, roll and skewer with sharpened match; grill or bake until crisp, and serve cold with salad.

Hard-boil the eggs for this salad,

halve, and dip in clear or creamy dressing, and sprinkle liberally with finely chopped mint.

For the Russian salad mix equal quantities of diced cooked potato, diced beetroot, and green peas. Season lightly with chives or shallot, and bind with mayonnaise. Serve chilled.

Pickled fruits are best prepared a week or two before using, and are delicious with salads. Boil syrup of 1 cup vinegar to 3 cups sugar and 3 or 4 cloves. Cook fruit in this syrup until just tender, and then place in clean sterilised jars, cover with syrup, and seal.

Chocolate Mousse: Blend 2 tablespoons of cornflour with a little cold milk. Melt 4oz. chocolate, gradually adding 1 pint milk. Sweeten to taste, and add cornflour. Bring to boil, and cook over boiling water for 10 minutes. Cool slightly, beat in 2 egg-yolks, and then add ½ teaspoon almond essence, and 1 cup raisins with chopped cherries, candied ginger, and finely chopped orange peel. Lastly, fold in 2 stiffly whisked egg-whites. Turn into wet mould and chill.

Ginger Snaps: Sift 4oz. plain flour with pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon ground ginger. Rub in 4oz. shortening, and then add 4oz. sugar, 4oz. treacle, and 1 dessertspoon water or lemon juice. Drop in small spoonfuls on greased tray, each snap about 3 inches apart. Bake in upper half of a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 12 minutes. May be removed quickly and rolled round a pencil or left flat. Sandwich or fill with whipped cream when available.

Continued on page 34

ELIZABETH COOKE

says

"Get ready for
**SALAD
TIME**"

Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft's famous nutrition and cookery expert, devotes all her time to food research. This salad has been chosen by her because it is not only a delicious blend of cheese, fruit and vegetables, but also because it is a nutritious and balanced meal.



Kraft Pineapple Salad

6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese; 4 large slices pineapple; 1 small cucumber; 1 cup cooked green peas; 2 large tomatoes; 1 cup shredded raw carrot; lettuce; radishes; olives or gherkins and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Arrange pineapple slices and prepare radishes in centre of large salad plate and dress with Kraft Mayonnaise. Surround with slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and lettuce cups containing cucumber, peas, tomatoes and shredded carrot. Garnish with olives or gherkins. Serve with additional Kraft Mayonnaise. Serve 4.

Listen to
"MARY
LIVINGSTONE, M.D."



— a NEW kind of MORNING Serial.
Every Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs.

This is the story of a woman doctor who helps to solve the medical, psychological and social problems of other women.

It is the story of a woman who had to say "No" to the man she loved — because it would have broken her mother's heart to have given up her brilliant scholastic career.

It is the story of a woman — born to be a mother, who becomes a doctor, and a mother to other peoples' children.

N.S.W. 2UW at 11.30 a.m.; 2GZ-KA-WL at 9.30 a.m.; 2KO at 9.30 a.m. VIC. 3DB-LK, 9.30 a.m.; 3BA at 9.15 a.m.; 3BO at 10.15 a.m. Q'LAND. 4BK-AK-IP at 10.15 a.m.; 4RO at 9.15 a.m.; 4TO at 9.45 a.m. S.A. 5AD-MU-PI-SE at 9.30 a.m. W.A. 6IX-WB-MD at 10.30 a.m. TAS. 7HT at 9.45 a.m.; 7EX at 9.45 a.m.

Summer time is salad time — Kraft salad time. Delicious Kraft Cheese makes such exciting salads . . . and such nourishing ones.

Pasteurised and hygienically wrapped, Kraft Cheese stays fresh and delicious to the last mellow slice. Crammed with milk minerals, calcium, proteins and phosphorus and containing the essential Vitamins A, B and D, there's a meal and a half in every salad made with delicious Kraft Cheese. So, make this summer a Kraft Salad Summer!

KRAFT CHEESE

— for tasty, nourishing salads.



FREE

New Elizabeth Cooke Folder — "26 Different ways to make sandwiches — WITHOUT BUTTER!"

To Kraft Walker Cheese Co. Pty. Ltd. Box 1673N, G.P.O., Melbourne, Victoria.

Please send me, post free, my copy of this new folder.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

WV13/12/45



A BOON TO MOTHER & BABY

PIN WITH
SAFETY WITH
Kirby
Beard
 SAFETY PINS

PINS-HAIRPINS-HAIRCUPS-NEEDLES

We are happy to state
that the world-famous
Kirby Beard Products
will shortly be coming
through in increasing
quantity.

Postage paid from all good stores
KIRBY BEARD & CO. LTD. BIRMINGHAM, ENG.

MURINE
for YOUR
EYES

QUICKLY
RELIEVES
TIRED
REDDED
EYES

Murine's never special ingredients wash away all irritation and strain. Two drops of Murine in each eye, night and morning, cleanse, refresh and beautifully dull, tired eyes. All Chemists.


10 minutes
From Wish to Dish

Ask your Grocer for Smorgon's Steak and Kidney Pudding, Frankfurts, Sausages, Lamb Tongues, Camp Pie, and Meat Galantine.

Smorgon's
CHELSEA
 CANNED
MEAT DISHES

IT'S A TREAT TO EAT SMORCON'S

Make a curvette!

NO wonder curvettes are popular. They are so versatile, so becoming, so free and easy to wear. So swift and inexpensive to make.

The charming little affair pictured at right was made from chalk-white straw, but you can make them of ribbon and decorate with flowers, using marlinette as the foundation.

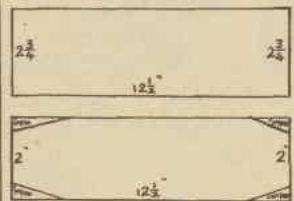
For night wear you can be lavish with flowers. A rose or two trailing down one side of your head can be so flattering. Fresh flowers mounted on a marlinette foundation made to fit the head are simply lovely for party or dance—so colorful and fragrant. Here are the directions for making the curvette as illustrated:

You require 1yd. white marlinette, 1yd. narrow petersham ribbon, 6yds. 1in. wide chalk-white lacy straw (be sure it has a draw-string).

Now, on the cross, cut a strip of marlinette 12½ in. x 2½ in. as shown in top diagram. The next step is to "fit" it to your head. Simply stretch it across your head very tightly and pull down strip to fit your head shape.

Remove and taper off 1in. at each corner as shown in lower diagram.

Bind round firmly with petersham ribbon, being careful to mark front and back after stretching, to keep correct head shape.



FOUNDATION diagrams giving sizes and shapes to aid you in the making of the becoming curvette. See directions for making.

Next, with the draw-thread of straw, gather in slightly along about half of straw material. Then sew on to foundation, commencing at corner and using a small running stitch.

Keeping straw in one piece, fill in to centre. This usually gives four rows, if 1in. wide straw is used. Make sure to cross the rows on the one corner.

Next step is to cut two circles 5in. in diameter as shown in the third diagram.

Gather straw up very full with draw-thread. Sew on to each circular foundation piece to form a rosette. Attach one to each end of curvette. Now take a piece of the left-over straw, fit across back of head to form a band, and attach to headpiece.



TWO VIEWS of the flattering little curvette. Why not make one for yourself for Christmas? Directions given on this page.

One Year Later

Continued from page 28

TRUE to his promise or threat, George had a word with Mrs. Drake on the subject of Anthony Browne, but, as Fate would have it, the moment was unpropitious for gaining Lucilla's full attention. She had just had a cable from that never-do-well son who was the apple of her eye and who knew, only too well, how to wring the maternal heartstrings to his own financial advantage. "Can you send me two hundred pounds? Desperate. Life or death. Victor."

Lucilla was crying. "Victor is so honorable. He knows how straitened my circumstances are and he'd never apply to me, except in the last resource. He never has. I'm always afraid he'll shoot himself."

"Not he," said George Barton unfeelingly.

"You don't know him. I'm his mother and, naturally, I know what my own son is like. I should never forgive myself if I didn't do what he asked. I could manage by selling out those shares."

George sighed. "Look here, Lucilla. I'll get full information by cable from one of my correspondents out there. We'll find out just exactly what sort of a jam Victor's in. But my advice to you is to let him stew in his own juice. He'll never make good until you do."

"You're so hard, George. The poor boy has always been unlucky."

George repressed his opinions on that point. Never any good arguing with women. He merely said, "I'll get Ruth on to it at once. We should hear by to-morrow."

Lucilla was partially appeased. The two hundred was eventually cut down to fifty, but that amount Lucilla firmly insisted on sending. George, Iris knew, provided the amount himself, though pretending to Lucilla that he was selling her shares. Iris admired George very much for his generosity, and said so.

His answer was simple. "Way I look at it, always some black sheep in the family. Always someone who's got to be kept. Someone or other will have to fork out for Victor until he dies."

"But it needn't be you. He's not your family."

"Rosemary's family's mine."

"You're a darling, George. But couldn't I do it? You're always telling me I'm rolling."

He grinned at her. "Can't do anything of that kind until you're twenty-one, young woman. And if you're wise, you won't do it then. But I'll give you one tip. When a fellow wires that he'll end everything unless he gets a couple of hundred by return, you'll usually find that twenty pounds will be ample. I dare say a tenner would do! You can't stop a mother coughing up, but you can reduce the amount—remember that. Of course,

Victor Drake would never do away with himself, not he! These people who threaten suicide never do."

Never? Iris thought of Rosemary. Then she pushed the thought away. George wasn't thinking of Rosemary. He was thinking of an unscrupulous, plausible young man in Rio.

The net gain from Iris' point of view was that Lucilla's maternal pre-occupations kept her from paying full attention to Iris' friendship with Anthony Browne.

So, on to the next thing. The change in George!

Even now, thinking back, Iris could not put her finger definitely on the moment when it began. Ever since Rosemary's death, George had been abstracted, had had fits of inattention and brooding. He had seemed older, heavier. That was all natural enough. But when, exactly, had his abstraction become somewhat more than natural?

It was, she thought, after their clash over Anthony Browne that she had first noticed him staring at her in a bemused, perplexed manner. Then he formed a new habit of coming home early from business and shutting himself up in his study.

He didn't seem to be doing anything there. She had gone in once and found him sitting at his desk, staring straight ahead of him. He looked at her when she came in, with dull, lacklustre eyes. He behaved like a man who has had a shock, but to her question as to what was the matter he replied briefly, "Nothing." As the days went on, he went about with the careworn look of a man who has some definite worry upon his mind.

Then, at odd intervals, and with no seeming reason, he began to ask questions. It was then that she began to put his manner down as definitely queer. "Look here, Iris. Did Rosemary ever talk to you much?"

Iris stared at him. "Why, of course, George. At least — well, what about?"

"Oh, herself—her friends—how things were going with her. Whether she was happy or unhappy. That sort of thing."

Please turn to page 39

QUALITY HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

MORLEY
 ON UNDERWEAR

New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove: ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest
selling deodorant

As all chemists and stores
selling toilet goods.

Distributors: Fossers & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

2/- jar **ARRID**

Her Finger Tips Lift out Corns

Good Advice to Sufferers on How to With Up Corns so they Come Out Easily and Painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard, throbbing, burning corns—but they didn't last long," said her friend. If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Frosol-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips.

Get a bottle of Frosol-Ice to-day from your nearest chemist and get rid of corns—core and all.

For home defence
Spray

FLY-TOX

Containing D.D.T.

KILLS ALL INSECTS



ALERT AND INTELLIGENT-LOOKING at the tender age of two months—William Murray, sturdy son of Mr. and Mrs. Alf Rawlings, Boyce Rd., Maroubra, N.S.W.



MOUTH like a rosebud—Leslie Ashley, the bonny son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard A. Darcy, of Farnell Street, Gladesville, N.S.W. He's a breast-fed babe, of course.

FEEDING PROBLEMS

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**, our Mothercraft nurse

THERE are several reasons why a baby in the early days of life will refuse to nurse at the breast, or suck from a bottle.

Sometimes the mother experiences what is known as "late lactation," when the breasts do not for a time secrete sufficient milk, and after sucking for two or three minutes the baby will struggle at the breast. In such a case, the babe will have to be given a complementary feed. But no mother need despair of her supply coming up, for with patience and perseverance it can usually be fully established within the space of a few weeks.

Abnormal conditions in the babe, such as tongue-tie, hare-lip (rare), and thrush, can cause feeding difficulties.

Any malformation of the mother's nipples can cause trouble in breast-feeding.

However, the use of the dummy is one of the commonest causes of early feeding difficulties, which are explained more fully in a leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.



CHARMING PICTURE of mother and daughter—Mrs. V. Gluth, of Evans Head, N.S.W., with her six-month-old babe, Frances Janette. Her daddy, W.O. Gluth, is in the R.A.A.F.

Hints on beauty

IT'S not a very good idea to curl up in bed, as curving the spine prevents the body from relaxing. Lie well stretched out.

Return the sparkle to tired eyes by lying down for a few minutes and laying pads of cotton-wool soaked in witch-hazel over closed lids.

Keep in mind that eyebrows and lashes should be brushed morning and night with an eyebrow brush. Also try using castor-oil on both lashes and brows to aid growth.

Never, never cut the cuticles round your fingernails. They should be pushed back gently with an orange-stick. If the skin round the nails is rough and dry, use cuticle oil regularly.

Camomile flowers make a lightning final rinse after your shampoo. Stew a handful of flowers for half an hour in a pint of water, strain, and use liquid.

Enlarged pores that are very noticeable can sometimes be checked by using a good astringent lotion. You'll be surprised at the difference if you concentrate on this treatment every night.

Is your lipstick too dry for you? Then vigorously massage your lips with a little cold cream before applying it. This will give them a wonderful satiny finish.

Eyes should be bathed daily with a warm, not cold, eye lotion. And don't forget to have your own little eyeglass, just for your eyes and no one else's.

It's a fine idea for teen-agers to use hand lotion on their often rough-as-sandpaper legs. This should be done just as regularly as cleaning teeth and brushing hair. You'll be delighted to find how smooth this keeps them.



TO MASSAGE AWAY the tiny lines round eyes cream well, rest elbows on table, support chin as shown, and use third fingertips.

Linen Goes Up In Smoke!



ABOVE—Recently Mrs. . . . of Sydney, put her washing on to boil, forgot all about it, and returned to find it blazing in the copper! £10 worth of linen going up in smoke! But fortunately, Mrs. . . . was insured. She filed her claim on 18th September and received her cheque in settlement on 19th September.

RIGHT—Mrs. . . . smiles happily as she carries in her new linen, paid for with her insurance money. Mrs. . . . was so thankful for the quick and generous service given her by her Insurance Office, that she went to the trouble to write an extremely nice letter of thanks.



Insurance Claim filed on Sept. 18—paid on Sept. 19

The amount of money involved in the insurance of Mrs. . . . 's linen was not large—only £10. But Mrs. . . . could not have received quicker or more sympathetic service had her house burned down. Her Claim was filed on 18th September—and paid on 19th September!

Your Insurance Office is indeed your friend in need. Its service is based on one sound fundamental principle. The principle that the actual size of your policy is NOT all important. When you

become insured—whether it be for £10 or £10,000—you can expect your policy to be efficiently handled. You can expect, and you will get, fair and sympathetic service.

Mrs. . . . didn't know it, but the main reason why she was paid that cheque so smartly was simply that the Insurance Office concerned was able to act on its own initiative—without the hindrance of "red tape."

This true record is taken from the files of the Insurance Office concerned. The claim number is 45/533. Verification of these facts may be had by writing to the Secretary, Joint Insurance Committee, 60 Market Street, Melbourne.

Your friend in need—INSURANCE



ONE of the greatest helps to normal good health is deep-down Inner Cleanliness.

Andrews gives you this deep-down refreshing Inner Cleanliness. Why, you can feel Andrews doing you good almost as soon as you drink it!

Then, with the system freed of impurities, you notice a marked improvement in your health and spirits. If you are inclined to "early morning blues", a short course of Andrews is generally the only corrective necessary. Take it for a few mornings, then as regularly as your system needs its help.

How Andrews purifies

FIRST . . . Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY . . . To complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons, relieves constipation, and purifies the blood.

Effervescent Refreshing Health-giving

ANDREWS

Handy Size 1/8 Family Size 2/9

20/4

HAPPY IDEA for Christmas—a welcome bowl of Christmas bush and bells. Any flowers or greenery will serve the purpose. Bowl is attached to a screw nail on wall or entrance door by wire or string.



Bovril regret that there is a shortage of supplies in your district because owing to war conditions it has not been possible to send shipments for some time.


Big supplies of Bovril are being sent to the troops in every theatre of war and further shipments will reach your shops as soon as circumstances permit.

Until then, use very sparingly any Bovril you may have. Bovril is highly concentrated and you will be surprised to find how very little you need for an appetising beverage or to improve the flavour of savoury dishes.


BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU

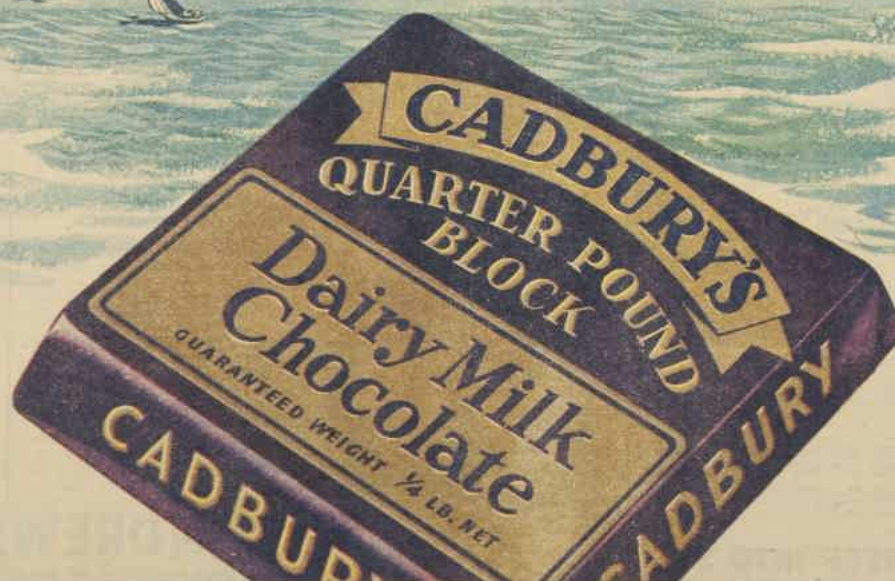


"Aye, aye Cap'n.  — serve the whole crew (*all four of 'em*) with four squares each.

That'll be sixteen squares — a quarter lb. block. Very good sir . . .  in fact, very

very good sir,  . . . because it's Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate. As creamy

as the wake of an ocean liner, sir, and as smooth  as the proverbial mill-pond."



One Year Later

Continued from page 36

SHE thought she was what was in his mind. He must have got wind of Rosemary's unhappy love affair. She said slowly. "She never said much, I mean, she was always busy doing things."

"And you were only a kid, of course. Yes, I know. All the same, I thought she might have said something." He looked at her inquiringly — rather like a hopeful dog.

She didn't want George to be hurt. And, anyway, Rosemary never had said anything. She shook her head. "George sighed. He said heavily, 'Oh, well, it doesn't matter.'"

Another day he asked her suddenly who Rosemary's best women friends had been.

Iris reflected. "Gloria King, Mrs. Atwell—Malise Atwell. Jean Raymond."

"How intimate was she with them?"

"Well, I don't know exactly." "I mean, do you think she might have confided in any of them?"

"I don't really know. I don't think it's awfully likely. . . . What sort of confiding do you mean?"

Immediately she wished she hadn't asked that last question, but George's response to it surprised her. "Did Rosemary ever say she was afraid of anybody?"

"Afraid?" Iris stared.

"What I'm trying to get at is—did Rosemary have any enemies?"

"Among other women?"

"No, no, not that kind of thing. Real enemies. There wasn't anyone that you knew of who—might have had it in for her?"

Iris' frank stare seemed to upset him.

He reddened, muttered, "Sounds silly, I know. Melodramatic, but I just wondered."

It was a day or two after that that he started asking about the Farradays. How much had Rosemary seen of the Farradays?

Iris was doubtful. "I don't really know, George."

"Did she ever talk about them?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Were they intimate at all?"

"Rosemary was very interested in politics."

"Yes. After she met the Farradays in Switzerland. Never cared a button about politics before that."

"No. I think Stephen Farraday interested her in them. He used to lend her pamphlets and things."

George said, "What did Sandra Farraday think about it?"

"About what?"

"About her husband lending Rosemary pamphlets."

Iris said uncomfortably, "I don't know."

George said, "She's a very reserved woman. Looks cold as ice. But they say she's crazy about Farraday. Sort of woman who might resent his having a friendship with another woman."

"Perhaps."

"How did Rosemary and Farraday's wife get on?"

Iris said slowly, "I don't think they did. Rosemary laughed at Sandra. Said she was one of those stuffed political women, like a rocking-horse. She is rather like a horse, you know. Rosemary used to say that if you pricked her, sawdust would come out."

George grunted. Then he said, "Still seeing a good deal of Anthony Browne?"

"A fair amount." Iris' voice was cold, but George did not repeat his warnings.

Instead, he seemed interested. "Knocked about a good deal, hasn't he?"

he? Must have had an interesting life. Does he ever talk to you about it?"

"Not much. He's travelled a lot, of course."

"Business, I suppose."

"I suppose so."

"What is his business?"

"I don't know."

"Well, needn't mention I asked. I just wondered. Rosemary saw rather a lot of Anthony Browne, didn't she?"

"Yes, she did."

"But she hadn't known him very long? He was more or less of a casual acquaintance? Used to take her dancing, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"I was rather surprised, you know, that she wanted him at her birthday party. Didn't realise she knew him so well."

Iris said quietly, "He dances very well."

"Yes. Yes, of course."

Without wishing to, Iris unwillingly let a picture of that evening flit across her mind.

The round table at the Luxembourg, the shaded lights, the flowers.

The dance band with its insistent rhythm. The seven people round the table—Anthony Browne, Rosemary, Stephen Farraday, herself, Ruth Lessing, George, and, on George's right, Stephen Farraday's wife, Lady

Lucilla.

Every difficulty could always be smoothed out by Miss Lessing's capable fingers. Smiling, pleasant, aloof, she surmounted all obstacles. She ran George's office and, it was suspected, ran George as well. He was devoted to her and leaned upon her judgment in every way. She seemed to have no needs, no desires of her own.

Nevertheless, on this occasion Lucilla Drake was annoyed. "My dear George, capable as Ruth is—well, I mean, the women of a family do like to arrange the color scheme of their own drawing-room. Iris should have been consulted. I say nothing about myself. I do not count. But it is annoying for Iris."

George looked conscience-stricken. "I wanted it to be a surprise!"

Lucilla had to smile. "What a boy you are, George."

Iris said, "I don't mind about color schemes. I'm sure Ruth will have made it perfect. She's so clever. What shall we do down there? There's a tennis court, I suppose."

"Yes, and golf links six miles away, and it's only about fourteen miles to the sea. What's more, we shall have neighbors. Always wise to go to a part of the world where you know somebody, I think."

"What neighbors?" asked Iris sharply.

George did not meet her eyes. "The Farradays," he said. "They live about a mile and a half away, just across the park."

Iris stared at him. In a minute she leaped to the conviction that the whole of this elaborate business—the purchasing and equipping of a country house—had been undertaken with one object only—to bring George into close relationship with Stephen and Sandra Farraday. Near neighbors in the country, with adjoining estates, the two families were bound to be on intimate terms. Either that or a deliberate coolness.

But why? Why this persistent harping on the Farradays? Why this costly method of achieving an incomprehensible aim? Surely then George must suspect that Rosemary and Stephen Farraday had been something more than friends?

One day at the end of July, George started both Lucilla and Iris by an-

Alexandra Farraday, with her pale straight hair and those slightly arched nostrils and her clear, arrogant voice. Such a gay party it had been, or hadn't it?

And in the middle of it, the lights dimming for the cabaret show. Then the lights went up—and they saw Rosemary slumped forward—

No! Much better not think about that. Better only to remember herself dancing with Tony—that was the first time she had really met him. Before that he had been only a name, a shadow in the hall, a back accompanying Rosemary down the steps in front of the house to a waiting taxi. Tony—

She came back with a start. George was repeating a question. "Funny he cleared off so soon after. Where did he go, do you know?"

She said vaguely, "Oh, Ceylon, I think; or India."

"Never mentioned it that night."

Iris said sharply, "Why should he? And have we got to talk about . . . that night?"

His face crimsoned over. "No, no, of course not. Sorry, old thing. By the way, ask Browne to dinner one night. I'd like to meet him again."

Iris was delighted. George was coming round. The invitation was duly given and accepted, but at the last minute Anthony had to go north on business and couldn't come.

One day at the end of July, George started both Lucilla and Iris by an-

Alexandra Farraday, with her pale straight hair and those slightly arched nostrils and her clear, arrogant voice. Such a gay party it had been, or hadn't it?

And in the middle of it, the lights dimming for the cabaret show. Then the lights went up—and they saw Rosemary slumped forward—

No! Much better not think about that. Better only to remember herself dancing with Tony—that was the first time she had really met him. Before that he had been only a name, a shadow in the hall, a back accompanying Rosemary down the steps in front of the house to a waiting taxi. Tony—

She came back with a start. George was repeating a question. "Funny he cleared off so soon after. Where did he go, do you know?"

She said vaguely, "Oh, Ceylon, I think; or India."

"Never mentioned it that night."

Iris said sharply, "Why should he? And have we got to talk about . . . that night?"

His face crimsoned over. "No, no, of course not. Sorry, old thing. By the way, ask Browne to dinner one night. I'd like to meet him again."

Iris was delighted. George was coming round. The invitation was duly given and accepted, but at the last minute Anthony had to go north on business and couldn't come.

One day at the end of July, George started both Lucilla and Iris by an-

nouncing that he had bought a house in the country.

"Bought a house?" Iris was incredulous. "But I thought we were going to rent a house for two months?"

"Nicer to have a place of one's own, eh? Can go down for week-ends all through the year."

"Where is it? On the river?"

"Not exactly. In fact, not at all. Sussex, Marlingham. Little Priora, it's called. Twelve acres, small Georgian house."

"Do you mean you've bought it without us even seeing it?"

"Rather a chance. Just came into the market. Snapped it up."

Mrs. Drake said, "I suppose it will need a lot of doing up and redecorating."

George said in an offhand way, "Oh, that's all right. Ruth has seen to all that."

They received the mention of Ruth Lessing, George's capable secretary, in respectful silence. Ruth was an institution—practically one of the family. Good-looking in a severe black-and-white kind of way, she was the essence of efficiency combined with tact. During Rosemary's lifetime, it had been usual for Rosemary to say, "Let's get Ruth to see to it. She's marvellous. . . . Oh, leave it to Ruth."

Every difficulty could always be smoothed out by Miss Lessing's capable fingers. Smiling, pleasant, aloof, she surmounted all obstacles. She ran George's office and, it was suspected, ran George as well. He was devoted to her and leaned upon her judgment in every way. She seemed to have no needs, no desires of her own.

Nevertheless, on this occasion Lucilla Drake was annoyed. "My dear George, capable as Ruth is—well, I mean, the women of a family do like to arrange the color scheme of their own drawing-room. Iris should have been consulted. I say nothing about myself. I do not count. But it is annoying for Iris."

George looked conscience-stricken. "I wanted it to be a surprise!"

Lucilla had to smile. "What a boy you are, George."

Iris said, "I don't mind about color schemes. I'm sure Ruth will have made it perfect. She's so clever. What shall we do down there? There's a tennis court, I suppose."

"Yes, and golf links six miles away, and it's only about fourteen miles to the sea. What's more, we shall have neighbors. Always wise to go to a part of the world where you know somebody, I think."

"What neighbors?" asked Iris sharply.

George did not meet her eyes. "The Farradays," he said. "They live about a mile and a half away, just across the park."

Iris stared at him. In a minute she leaped to the conviction that the whole of this elaborate business—the purchasing and equipping of a country house—had been undertaken with one object only—to bring George into close relationship with Stephen and Sandra Farraday. Near neighbors in the country, with adjoining estates, the two families were bound to be on intimate terms. Either that or a deliberate coolness.

But why? Why this persistent harping on the Farradays? Why this costly method of achieving an incomprehensible aim? Surely then George must suspect that Rosemary and Stephen Farraday had been something more than friends?

One day at the end of July, George started both Lucilla and Iris by an-

Alexandra Farraday, with her pale straight hair and those slightly arched nostrils and her clear, arrogant voice. Such a gay party it had been, or hadn't it?

And in the middle of it, the lights dimming for the cabaret show. Then the lights went up—and they saw Rosemary slumped forward—

No! Much better not think about that. Better only to remember herself dancing with Tony—that was the first time she had really met him. Before that he had been only a name, a shadow in the hall, a back accompanying Rosemary down the steps in front of the house to a waiting taxi. Tony—

She came back with a start. George was repeating a question. "Funny he cleared off so soon after. Where did he go, do you know?"

She said vaguely, "Oh, Ceylon, I think; or India."

"Never mentioned it that night."

Iris said sharply, "Why should he? And have we got to talk about . . . that night?"

His face crimsoned over. "No, no, of course not. Sorry, old thing. By the way, ask Browne to dinner one night. I'd like to meet him again."

Iris was delighted. George was coming round. The invitation was duly given and accepted, but at the last minute Anthony had to go north on business and couldn't come.

One day at the end of July, George started both Lucilla and Iris by an-

Alexandra Farraday, with her pale straight hair and those slightly arched nostrils and her clear, arrogant voice. Such a gay party it had been, or hadn't it?

And in the middle of it, the lights dimming for the cabaret show. Then the lights went up—and they saw Rosemary slumped forward—

No! Much better not think about that. Better only to remember herself dancing with Tony—that was the first time she had really met him. Before that he had been only a name, a shadow in the hall, a back accompanying Rosemary down the steps in front of the house to a waiting taxi. Tony—

She came back with a start. George was repeating a question. "Funny he cleared off so soon after. Where did he go, do you know?"

She said vaguely, "Oh, Ceylon, I think; or India."

"Never mentioned it that night."

Iris said sharply, "Why should he? And have we got to talk about . . . that night?"

His face crimsoned over. "No, no, of course not. Sorry, old thing. By the way, ask Browne to dinner one night. I'd like to meet him again."

Iris was delighted. George was coming round. The invitation was duly given and accepted, but at the last minute Anthony had to go north on business and couldn't come.

LOVELY AMERICAN SOCIALITE



Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr.

A brunette beauty who is well-known in American society, Mrs. Charles Morgan Jr. is like so many of the world's loveliest women . . . she knows that Pond's Two Creams are a complete beauty care for her complexion. She says Pond's keeps her skin "delightfully soft and smooth".

Just Pond's Two Creams . . . that's all you need to keep your complexion at its loveliest too. Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, to smooth away skin roughnesses and keep your make-up attractive for hours.

Supplies of Pond's Creams

Pond's are happy to let you know that supplies of your favourite Pond's Creams should be much easier to get very soon. Also you'll be able to get them in convenient handbag size tubes again.



Wondoflex

DUO-TEXTURE JERSEY

CREATING A NEW WORLD OF FABRICS
From leading salons
in wool frocks & suits

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

To be continued



Two perfect Sauces by— HEINZ



... Use them
at the table and
in the kitchen

No longer need you worry whether there's enough flavour to tempt the family appetite in the limited choice of today's meat supplies—with these two HEINZ Sauces at hand, everyday meals will change from ordinary dishes into something different, distinctive, delicious, and delightful. The family will tell you so.

HEINZ BEEFSTEAK SAUCE

Here's a sauce that makes even the best meal taste better. Made from choice tropical and domestic fruits blended with rare spices and mellowed with age. Serve it with fish, rarebits, and all meat or egg dishes.

SHOPS HAVE STOCKS

TWO OF THE
57
VARIETIES

ORDER SOME TODAY

Velvety-smooth and rich to taste — retaining all the flavour of the red, ripe tomatoes from which it is made — a sauce which is distinctive and which everyone will enjoy—

HEINZ TOMATO SAUCE

